

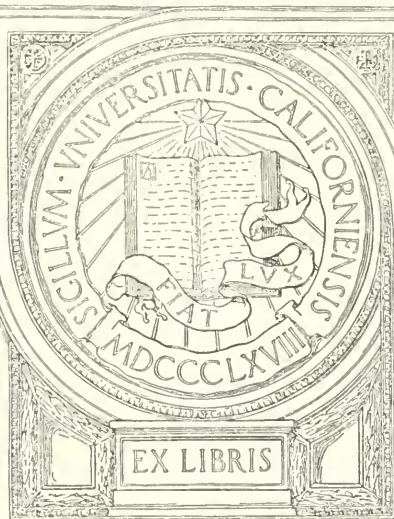
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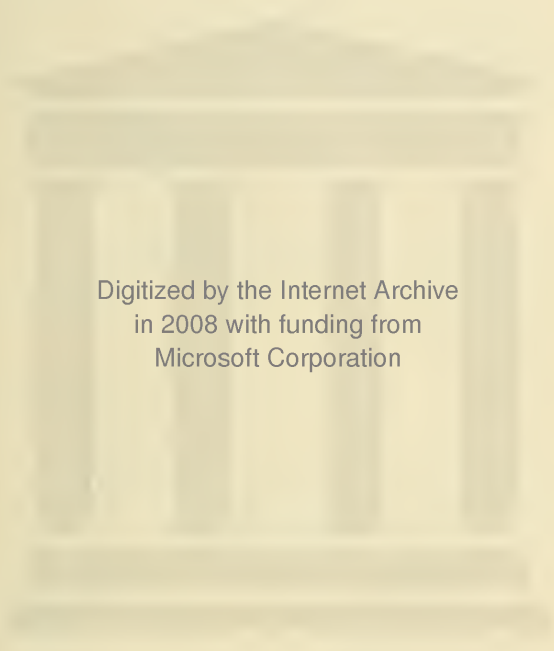


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...same point ... on the socialist movement and peace ... at
 itators. . . . We heartily commend it to our readers who like a
 am with their politics."—"The Commentator."



SIMPLE SIMON- SOCIALIST

BY

Rodney Random



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LONDON:

THE ANTI-SOCIALIST PRESS.

'I Like Pies' 6725 '11

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With the
author's
Compliments

24-1-1911

SIMPLE SIMON—SOCIALIST.

SIMPLE SIMON— SOCIALIST.

By
RODNEY RANDOM.

THE
ANTI-SOCIALIST PRESS
10, FAIRFIELD STREET, S.W.

LONDON:
THE ANTI-SOCIALIST PRESS, 10, FAIRFIELD STREET, S.W.

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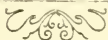
P R E F A C E .

Every important political movement is associated with the names of one or more pioneers. The Free Trade agitation will ever be connected with Cobden and Bright, and Tariff Reform with the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. How many Socialists are there who, if called on, could name the great founder of their creed? Robert Owen may be credited with having given Socialism its first impetus on English soil, but for the principles and doctrines enunciated, Socialists are indebted to Saint-Simon, a nobleman born at Paris on the 17th of October, 1760. Like all propagandists of new ideas, he was misunderstood by the generation in which he lived. His teachings were parodied in verse by contemporary poets, and his name, at the hands of English translators of the eighteenth century, appears to have undergone a modification which was in harmony with his doctrines.

The character which Simple Simon conjures up in the mind's eye is, indeed, so appropriate to the cause that I have not hesitated to use the name as a title to this up-to-date exposition of Socialism. I am aware that, in resuscitating the name of their great founder, I am placing the Socialists of this

country under a lasting obligation. If they have any sense of gratitude, let them acknowledge him as their patron "saint." Let the seventeenth day of October in each year be marked as a Red Letter Day in the Red Flag Almanacs issued by the B.S.P. thus :—

" 17th October. Simple Simon, b. 1760. Founder of Socialism."



SIMPLE SIMON.

Thomas Merrydew, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Merrydew, Flourmantle and Co., replies to a letter received from a former employe, Comrade Simple Simon, I.L.P., in which the latter informs his late employer that he has been adopted as a Candidate for Parliament. He also gives an outline of his programme and ideas concerning Socialism.

DEAR SIMON,—

Accept my congratulations on having at length discovered a suitable vocation. When circumstances compelled us to dispense with your services, I observed that the work of those who remained was not perceptibly increased. The fact is you were born with an inherent antipathy to exertion, and are not adapted for clerical duties, nor, indeed, for any position necessitating the expenditure of what Marx designates "average labour force." You condemn the competitive system of this world, which, I can quite understand, is very repugnant to your morpheus temperament. You were evidently born on the wrong planet, and remind me of the absent-minded youth who advertised—"Work not so much an object as good wages."

Whether a man, who devotes his labour force to balancing a ruler on the end of his nose, when he ought to be balancing the ledger, is qualified to speak on unearned increment is a moot point, but he may certainly claim to be an authority on unearned salaries.

In olden times men of your temperament and principles became highwaymen, and ended their days suspended from a pole. Nowadays they, strange to say, begin their career at the top of the poll, therefore I am not surprised to hear of your determination to enter Parliament. You state that you have some claim on your countrymen. Well, we all recollect your famous encounter with the pieman, in the days of your youth, which has been immortalised in doggrel verse.

It has been said that the inculcation of the precept contained in those lines into the minds of the young, ultimately resulted in the formation of the Free Food League, of which you are doubtless a member.

Probably you are spurred on to seek further distinction by the example of your revered and illustrious ancestor, Saint Simon, who has been described as the founder of modern Socialism. Concerning him, tradition relates that he commanded his valet to awake him each morning with the words—"Arise M. le Comte, you have great things to do to-day."

I have no doubt you are fired with a similar ambition. The unthinking masses always admire men with an easy flow of language, and Nature has counterbalanced this gift by imbuing its possessors with a marked antipathy to work. The Demagogue, saturated with egotism, first of all becomes obsessed with the idea of his intellectual superiority. He spends most of his time in thinking of what to say. He is always advising his comrades as to what they should do. Talking is his special forte. In the daytime he is one amongst many. At eventide, mounted on a chair in the street gutter, he shines—like a glowworm in the ditch. Like the worm, he commands attention owing to the darkness of his environment—the minds of those around him. Thus he becomes a labour leader—leader forsooth, because he is able to persuade his comrades that he can lead them to the promised land of William Morris and other poetic day dreamers.

It is fortunate for you that I am not your Comrade, for I should size you up in this way: If a man is not worth thirty-five shillings a week on a straightforward job at the bench or desk, he cannot be worth three times that amount as a Parliamentary representative. My choice would be fixed on someone possessing executive ability, with the power to put his thoughts into action—not words. I once heard Comrade Cunninghame Graham describe the Labour Party in the House as a “study

in still life." Yes, they are veritable domes of silence, fringed with whiskers.

Still, do not let me dishearten you. In Parliament you will be in your natural element—it is a veritable elysium for windbags. Nevertheless, when you do get within the precincts of Westminster you need not fear that greatness will be thrust upon you. In fact, if you obey your whips, no one will ever hear of you outside your own constituency. You will find that there are certain unwritten rules for members of the rank and file in the House, which are strictly enforced. Rule number one is, that you must never dance in the limelight when your leaders are present. Generally, one or the other will be on show at the opportune moment.

You will discover that to become a shining orb, a comet among the stars of the political firmament, it will be necessary, as in any other business, first of all to make a name. No modest man ever sat on the Front Bench in Parliament by reason of his modesty. If a man occupies a prominent position it is either by reason of his conceit, wealth, family influence or talent. More often it is due to the first than the last, for, as old Adam Smith observes in his "Wealth of Nations," "An over-weening conceit which the greater part of men have of their abilities is an ancient evil." The successful politician leaves modesty to the virtuous.

You say you have a keen imagination—an eye for the ideal. But have you not also an eye for the main chance? That being so, use your imagination for some practical purpose—imagine yourself a pill. If you want to make the best use of a pill you do not swallow it—you sell it. In order to sell, you must advertise what it will do, otherwise no one will buy. To drop metaphor, you must cultivate self-advertisement. Always talk about yourself, and what you are going to do for the people who vote for you. Tell them anything, but not everything. If you are brutally frank, and inform them that you consider a seat in Parliament with £200 or £300 per annum a far better job than sitting in an office and drawing half that sum, you will not attain your end.

Of course, sensible people will not be influenced by what you say ; but that will not matter, because sensible people will not count for much in your majority. Do not delude yourself with the idea that you will achieve prominence by making brilliant, epigrammatic speeches. In making a bid for popularity and renown with the masses you must either appeal to their cupidity or their sense of humour. Try something original and startling. I will give you an idea.

If you are elected, do not walk up to the Speaker's Chair and take the oath in the orthodox manner. Approach the august presence on your hands, with your feet elevated in the air. By so

doing you will make a striking and original entry into public life which will at once bring you fame and fortune.

The evening "specials" will devote the whole placard to your exploit :—

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

SIMPLE SIMON

ENTERS ON HIS HEAD.

The next morning a column will be occupied in each of the popular newspapers, giving a full descriptive account and interview with you, whilst such trivial matters as Education, the Navy, and Finances are dismissed in a few lines.

You will, of course, prepare copy for the interviewers in advance, explaining that your action was not the outcome of any hare-brained freak—you can, of course, always give a plausible explanation of clowning which will satisfy the average man in the street—but was intended to symbolise your policy as a Revolutionary Socialist ; determined to turn the world upside down.

The "Daily Glass" will present a page of portraits bearing on the event, for which, of course, you will give special sittings, or rather poses. Thus: "Simple Simon balancing on his right hand," "Simple Simon gyrating on his crown," etc.

As I have pointed out, you will gain not only notoriety, but fortune. The Sunday papers will outbid one another for your biography. You will also write special articles for the Socialist press: "How I became Converted to Socialism." This will offer further scope for the exercise of your ingenuity. You will explain how you were first led to experiment standing on your cranium as a cure for brain-fag, which had been caused by studying Karl Marx's "Capital." That one day, whilst practising this in the garden, your eye caught an article by Comrade Mac in the "Labour Leader"—which you had placed on the ground to protect your hair from the dirt—and, reading thus, you saw things in a new light, and so on.

You will be in great demand for lectures, and, if you can only speak in an inverted position, you will get double or treble the fees of an ordinary Socialist M.P., as, by being "on your head," you will be distinguished from your Comrades, most of whom appear "off their heads."

The managers of the variety halls will probably offer not less than £250 per week for a few "turns,"

which you can easily undertake without interfering with your Parliamentary duties, arranging to appear in the intervals between the divisions.

SIMPLE SIMON

WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR THIS EVENING,

GIVING AN EXACT REPETITION

OF HIS

GREAT ACROBATIC DISPLAY

WITH WHICH HE OPENED PARLIAMENT.

ALSO

DOUBLE SOMERSAULTS OVER THE BACKS OF

FOUR LEADING LABOUR M.P.'s.

(Members of the audience will please hold their breath while the Band stops.)

COME AND HEAR HIS INTERESTING LECTURETTE,

“HOW I TAUGHT KING ADOLPH TO
TURN CART-WHEELS.”

You will perceive that the great avenue to success is not merely by talking, but acting. Thus you make others talk and write about you. The daily press is ever on the alert with notebook and

camera for news and pictures. The moral is—You make the copy, and the press do the rest. Some men make “copy” by hanging themselves. That is good business for the papers, but bad for the subjects. An advertisement is of no use to a dead man.

When you find the novelty wearing off, that is when you cannot get a line in the papers, and there is a corresponding falling off of unearned increment, you must improvise some more “scenes” in the House. Start a quarrel with one of your leaders, or, better still, do something to provoke him to attack you. Of course, it is rather disagreeable to go for a leader, but many reputations have been made in that way. You will probably have observed that the newspapers will not notice a fracas between two minnows. The obvious moral is—Go for a Front Bench man. If he has a large head tell him publicly that you have heard it said that in the days of his early youth his parents were greatly perplexed to know whether he was a born genius or afflicted with water on the brain; that the problem had never been satisfactorily settled, but after hearing the inane address delivered, all doubts on the matter were set at rest.

Failing this, do something outrageous to incite a member of the opposite Party to attack you. Abuse from an opponent is the manure which has fertilised the growth of many a politician's reputation. Lacking the ability necessary to command

the esteem of your colleagues you can always merit and secure the abuse of the enemy. Your constituents, too, will like personalities in politics—being the only thing most of them can comprehend.

A bold, clever, well-conceived lie, oft repeated, may force recognition from your leaders. If you have any qualms of conscience you can satisfy the same with the reflection that you are lying for a “good cause.” If you are found out no matter, you get your preferment, and by the next General Election the dupes will have forgotten you and your “terminological inexactitude,” and be swallowing that of another ambitious candidate in the ranks of your Party. The Progressive forces offer unlimited scope for mendacity and audacity.

You acted wisely in embracing Socialism of the I.L.P. cult. Socialism of the Marxist school is too brainy for your proletariat followers. Some I.L.P.-ers profess to be followers of Karl Marx, but they lag very far behind—so far that if the lamented comrade, when alive, had had one eye in the back of his head he would never have seen them. The I.L.P. is of Scotch parentage, and therefore has ever had one eye on the main chance—the ballot box and cash box; having a keen scent for the bawbees, it contracted an early marriage with the Trades Unions. Like all mercenary alliances, it has not been altogether a happy one, and

domestic quarrels are the rule at every annual gathering.

Only one Socialist ever got into the English Parliament on his face value, and he crowed so loud that his Labour comrades, who are bound by the matrimonial yoke, secretly hope there will never be another.

Marxism was born and cultivated in Germany by the Social Democratic Party, and is the only import from that country which has not flourished on English soil. The Social Democratic pie-crust, damaged by many broken promises, is too obscure and full-flavoured for English taste. There is no mystery about I.L.P.-ism. There's money in it—and votes.

The I.L.P.-ers have hardly been in existence a decade, and look at the respective positions !

The S.D.F.-ers—the true scientific Socialists—are full of Karl Marx's fundamentals and economics. For thirty years they have been preaching at the street corners. They, the pioneers, are doing all the spade work—"functioning" they call it—for the I.L.P.-ers.

The S.D.F.-ers are still standing on the soap boxes in the gutters, whilst the I.L.P.-ers, sustained in early youth by bites from the Social Democratic pie, are reclining on the green benches within the walls of Westminster—and so near the front benches, too.

That is the difference between the real and the sham.

What can you expect? The proletarians who prefer shoddy clothes, shoddy plays, shoddy pots and pans retailed at twopenny bazaars, naturally like shoddy Socialism. Let it be your business to see that they get it.

Self-advertising, to be effective, must be continuous, and, as it has been exploited by your predecessors to such an extent, it will tax your ingenuity to devise new methods. Therefore, you may find it expedient to repeat what has been done before, with some slight variation. To sustain sufficient interest, to secure gratuitous press notices from time to time, you must keep in action.

For example, you could write a play. It is useless for you to urge that you have had no experience. The composition of a good play demands original wit, talent, and a knowledge of stagecraft. As you do not possess these qualifications, you must resort to the device of popular mediocrities. Make it personal, outrageously vulgar, and then send it to the Censor with a couple of guineas. The Censor will reject it. That is your opportunity. Everyone's curiosity will be aroused. The public will naturally reason that what is bad enough for the Censor to reject is good enough for them to read. Interviewers will run after you for particulars of the objectionable passages, and the Sacrilegious Society of Unemployed Mummerys will offer to produce it some dull Sunday evening as a protest against the infringement of the privileges

of the stage, and, incidentally, as an advertisement for themselves.

Supply all your friends with stamped post cards with instructions to bombard the press with indignant letters at the treatment you have received. This will pave the way for the acceptance of a missive from yourself, which will then be inserted because it deals with a topic on which, apparently, public interest is aroused. You can agitate for the abolition of the office of Censor, only do not run too strong on this line, because you may require his services again.

Other ideas for self-advertisement may suggest themselves if you keep your eyes open. For instance, not long ago I observed a fair young artist standing in a Westminster street engaged in painting a picture of the Abbey on a canvas mounted on an easel. Crowds stood around, and most pedestrians paused to look at her work. If one can paint by the roadside why not write? All you need is a small folding table and seat, fountain pen, MS. book, and you can sit down and compose, drawing inspiration from your surroundings. You would, too, have the advantage of gathering vivid dialogue—the English language as it is really spoken in the streets, though probably it would be of a somewhat sanguinary tint and need toning down. In front of the table you could suspend a card with the following announcement printed in bold letters :—

THIS IS THE FAMOUS SOCIALIST AUTHOR,

SIMPLE SIMON, I.L.P.,

WRITING HIS NEW INFAMOUS NOVEL,

ENTITLED :

SOCIAL SNEERS ;

OR,

Sad Scrapings from London Gutters.

Written for Use and not for Profit—

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS NET.

Order this realistic work from your Bookseller
at once, as only sufficient will be printed
to meet the demand.

OR :—

THIS IS THE GREAT PLAYWRIGHT,
SIMPLE SIMON, I.L.P.,

Engaged on his forthcoming New and Original Masterpiece,

ENTITLED :

THE LOG ROLLERS.

In Three Acts.

TO BE PRODUCED AT THE
SOCIOLOGICAL THEATRE.

You can now behold the modern Shakespeare. See him think.

Watch the sublime thoughts as they flow
from his sapient brain through his fountain pen.

To-day he is sitting on Joe Millar's Jest Book, turning old
jokes and wise saws into Modern Epigrams.

His Royalty is 20 per cent. on the gross receipts.
All his own increment, due to his Social environment.

HIS DIET :

The Play is written entirely on a vegeo-translucent diet of
Boiled Onions, Buttered Parsnips, Ground Chestnuts,
Lloyd George's Untaxed Ginger Beer.

HIS IDIOSYNCRASIES :

He cannot bear the sight of a cow. If he is in the same
room as a pig it makes him shudder, though he
may not see or hear it.

HIS BENEVOLENCE :

He signs young ladies' autograph books while they wait.
He only charges one shilling per book. American
visitors, one dollar.

N.B.—Contributors to the *Quaker's News* or I.L.P. journalists
willing to write a book on "Simple Simon: Is he a
mental contortionist?" will be supplied with docu-
mentary evidence and reminiscences, free of charge.

Finally, whatever you do, be original—strike a pose. Even if your efforts are absurd and clownish, remember it is better to make people laugh at you than be ignored altogether.

When addressing an audience of Socialists, avoid telling them the truth concerning their weaknesses and vices. It may be honest, but no one likes to be reminded of his faults. You want their votes, therefore flatter their failings and base instincts, their cupidity, covetousness and greed.

Keep yourself ever in the forefront of your comrades. Do not forget that they are out on the same game. Never mind treading on their corns; kick their shins and jump on their bunions, if necessity compels. Let Simple Simon be advertised as the one and only cure-all, then the people will swallow him—providing he is well seasoned with Socialist sauce.

Hang out your banner on the wall :—

“If you want free meals for all—take Simple Simon.”

“If you want less work and more wages—take Simple Simon.”

At the election you will substitute for “take,” the words: “vote for Simple Simon.”

Remember “Chinese Slavery” and “Old Age Pensions,” and pray don’t lose votes for the sake

of a few "terminological inexactitudes." The end always justifies the means, more so when the end is mean.

Yours insincerely,

THOMAS MERRYDEW.



Thomas Merrydew answers another letter received from Simple Simon, I.L.P., in which the latter expounds comic economic views based on predatory principles.

DEAR SIMON,

I enjoyed reading your letter, particularly the passage wherein you state that it is the mission of the I.L.P. "to carry the oriflame of Socialism throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain," and that you mean to bear the flag aloft. Your enthusiasm and ambition to wave flags suggests that you are approaching the mental state which is vulgarly termed "up the pole."

Your contention that I do not understand Socialism has a "chestnutty" flavour. It is the last refuge of the polemical Socialist who, as a result of attempting to grasp and reconcile the conflicting doctrines of the I.L.P., S.D.F., and the feeble Fabians, finds himself floundering in a mass of fictitious economics which have no relation to the facts of life.

You want my definition of Socialism. Very well. Socialism is the new brain food for the half-baked product of humanity. Nature abhors a vacuum — Socialism fills vacant minds, each

according to its needs. There is a Socialism for Christians; Socialism for Freethinkers and Free-lovers; for servants, civil and uncivil. Socialism appeals to the altruist, yearning to gratify his benevolent instincts at some one else's expense; it appeals to the idle who will not work, and to the industrious who appraise their labour at a higher value than the price given in the open market.

Socialism, you assert, means the elimination of wasteful competition. Nevertheless, we have the Fabians, the I.L.P., the Social Democrats, the Church Socialist League, the Freethinker's Socialist League, all competing, one with the other, for popular favour and support.

You and your comrades are living witnesses of the impracticability of your precepts. Have you ever attempted to give effect to the ethics and economics of Socialism in your own home? Do you ever place all your earnings in an open coffer where each member of your family may help themselves, according to their needs. If not, why not? If it will not work now on a small scale, how is it going to be worked generally in the world at large? If you cannot adopt your economic plan with those who are members of your own family, who are nearest and dearest, how will you adopt the scheme when you are called on to socialise your wealth with fellow citizens? If

it is not time to begin now—when will the hour arrive? Are Acts of Parliament necessary to make you become Socialists in deed as well as word?

Men are to be judged by what they do, not what they say. In a similar way we must judge Socialism, not by what its adherents claim for it, but by its actual fruits. Socialism sows the seeds of Revolution; it is a soul-destroying medium—an enemy to civilisation. Have you ever considered the meaning of that “class consciousness” which you seek to spread amongst the workers? What is its object? It is to make the manual workers of the world regard the wealthy as their natural enemies and oppressors—to foment and stir up in their hearts a bitter hatred of all who do not belong to their class. You are adopting the tactics of those militant people who, in order to bring about a war with another nation, do all they can to spread animosity towards the nation against whom war is to be declared. There are plenty within your ranks, working hard to promote Socialism, who are unaware of this. They are like men travelling along a road, not knowing whither it leads.

You are making a voyage in a Pirate’s boat, without knowing it. You behold the Red Flag, the emblem of Revolution, flying at the mast head, but the crew talk so gently that you are blinded to the real object of their journey, although the

company they meet traversing the same route should suffice to warn them.

Your explanation of Socialism as a mild and harmless evolutionary scheme shows that you do not realise the meaning of the movement. Mr. Shaw must have had you in his mind's eye when he asserted that the members of Socialist Societies "are often more ignorant of the real meaning of Socialism than any other section of the community." Yet Mr. Blatchford tells us that "practical Socialism is so simple that a child may understand it."

Why, then, the necessity for myriads of books, pamphlets, reviews and journals? Are they intended to explain Socialism — or explain it away?

In the pass on pamphlets we have Socialism provided to suit all tastes and all classes: Socialism for Doctors; "Shop Assistants;" "Commercial Travellers;" Socialism for the Poor and Middle Classes. As Mr. Belfort Bax says:—"In England there are many Socialisms promulgated by persons who are anxious to show themselves original."

At present, owing to lack of agreement, Socialists are wasting their time and substance in running four or five distinct organisations and journals, all expounding diverse theories.

We are told that under Socialism there would be an end to competitive waste. Instead of five butchers supplying one street with meat there would be only one—the State, or co-operative butcher. If this is the Socialists' idea of making both ends meet, why don't they apply the same principle to their own affairs now? One society would be more powerful than six, particularly when they are used by cliques for undermining one another. If this competitive spirit is due to capitalism, then it must be admitted that Socialism is occupying an untenable position: whilst advocating the elimination of competition, Socialists, in carrying on their propaganda, ignore the fundamental principle of their creed. Their general scheme of organisation is based on capitalism, not co-operation. A prominent Fabian informs us that there is a "theorising romancing Socialism which is big without being real," and the "careful practicable Socialism which is real without being big, and which ends in a string of expedient small jobs which need not be called Socialism at all." In other words, my dear Simon, Socialism is a theoretical nebulous hypothesis, designed to transfer auriferous metal from hard-working, industrious tax-paying members of the community to the weeds and weaklings of the human race.

"Socialism is taxation," cries one comrade, and we are therefore to have "confiscation through taxation."

In olden times highwaymen used to place a pistol at the head of a victim until he emptied his pockets. This accomplished, they gagged and bound the victim to a tree, and took to their heels. Sometimes, in order to evade capture, they bribed the villagers by distributing a part of their booty, and then boasted that they robbed the rich to give to the poor.

We have no highwaymen now, but the same predatory instinct survives. Their modern prototypes accomplish their end by working on a different plane. The flint-lock pistol is replaced by the ballot-box. You may therefore thank your stars that you are living in the social capitalist environment of the twentieth century. To your brigand ancestors defeat meant dangling at the end of the hangman's rope secured to the top of a pole, whereas the worst that can happen to you is to see your name at the bottom of the poll.

In this enlightened age there is no need to resort to the highways to relieve the thrifty of their savings. You have only to become a Socialist-Progressive member of a County or Borough Council, or, best of all, a Poor Law Board. The latter, impelled by your doctrines, are creating pauperism by encouraging improvidence.

In your letter you speak very strongly of the "right to live." Like your saintly ancestor, you never seem to have got over the idea that because,

in the first year of your life, you received free nourishment without toil, it was an economic condition which should continue to the end. I can imagine what a trying time your poor parents had when you were first deprived of a gratuitous supply of lacteal fluid. Probably it was in the interest of your rebellious kindred, who attend the Socialist Sunday Schools, that the "Labour Leader" not long ago gave a recipe for extracting milk from carrots "for babies," thereby paying a doubtful compliment to the progeny of its long-eared readers.

To you, as a thoughtful student of Socialism, this blending of the vegetable colour in the nursery diet of Socialist sucklings, will suggest a significant meaning. The magnetic attraction of a bunch of carrots, dangled before the nose of the humble quadruped of the asinine tribe, stimulates a forward movement. Is not this symbolical of the Red Flag, the rallying standard of the "Progressive" movement, which comrades follow with enthusiasm, ever struggling onwards, striving to reach the unattainable free feast of succulent vegetable commodities, to be washed down with Municipal milk?

The "right to live" claim is triumphantly advanced by Socialists as an unchallengeable proposition, but it is not a thesis which can be left to stand alone, for it carries with it the right to marry. But concerning this economic proposition

Socialists in all their discursive essays and writings maintain a discreet silence. Granted that you have the "right to live," how comes it that you are here? Because your parents married.

Now your parents did not ask the permission of the State to marry. The State questions no one's right to wed. Thus the crippled, the blind, the diseased, the intemperate, and victims of hereditary mental afflictions are free to unite and propagate more degenerates, to fill our hospitals and lunatic asylums.

Of course, when this freedom was given it was not contemplated that parents would call upon the State to nurse offspring by supplying Municipal crèches, medical attendance, milk supplies, and provide free food and education. If this principle is to continue and extend in application, the State, in the interest of the community, must challenge the right of everyone to marry at will, and commence by prohibiting such liberty to those who are declared by a medical tribunal to be physically or mentally unfit.

In former days you gave evidence of a yearning for unearned increment by demanding free pies, and no doubt denounced the industrious vendor of those edible commodities because, acting on sound business principles, he refused credit.

You seek to justify your claim by a series of specious arguments based on Karl Marx's analysis

of labour. Marx, though clever, had his limitations, gathering out-of-date facts which fitted in with his preconceived ideas, ignoring existing facts which contradicted his theories. By this means he was able to invent economics which give an apparent rational sanction for robbing the thrifty few to give to the many.

Your suggestion, repeated with parrot-like precision, that existing industrial evils can be remedied by producing for "use and not for profit" is an economic counterfeit which the Marxian school delight to throw at the heads of opponents. Why do you and your friends always remain dumb when asked to explain the application of such a proposition to commerce? Because its absurdity, and the impracticability of Socialism, would be laid bare.

You assert that men would, under Socialism, be content to work without reaping any profit, and quote for the thousandth time, that Milton only received five pounds for his immortal poem. You omit to mention that this is the sum a Socialist frequently receives for writing for the capitalist Press.

The inventor of Socialism probably never received a penny for the idea, and would be surprised, were he still living, to see his followers using it as a means for exploiting the workers, for their own personal and pecuniary advantage. He would probably call them wretched hirelings. But for the Socialist

propaganda, many men who now hold simple-minded folk spellbound with expositions of the silly shibboleth, would be measuring calico behind a shop counter, or minding sheep on a mountain side, or engaged in some other humble occupation more fitted to their mental capacity.

As M.P.'s, free lance journalists, and writers of fiction they have found Socialism stimulating to their imaginations and their banking accounts. I do not blame them, but surely they should be the last to chide others for seeking profit.

There still remains your absorbing question: What is Socialism, and how will it work out our economic salvation? If, as Mr. Philip Snowden declares, it "is a scientific scheme of industrial and social organisation," why not present for consideration some outline of its practical application?

I make the request not merely for my own information, but that of your Comrades who are apparently in ignorance.

Comrade Keir Hardie says:—"To dogmatise about the form the Socialist State will take is to play the fool. That is a matter about which we have nothing whatever to do. It belongs to the future, and is a matter which posterity alone can decide."

Comrade Suthers is in a similar state of doubt and ignorance:—"You ask me for a cut-and-dried

plan of a State which can only be established step by step, a State which can only exist in its complete form long after we are all dead," adding that inability to produce such a plan arises "simply because a comprehensive prophecy is beyond human power."

Nevertheless, this does not prevent other Comrades from prophesying at every street corner that Socialism is the immediate and only remedy for unemployment—a problem which, as yet, no Statesman has been able to solve.

Comrades Hardie, Macdonald and Snowden are labour leaders, and according to Mr. H. G. Wells, "they and their associates stand for all that is sane and practicable and hopeful in Socialist politics." They have examined the industrial problems from every point of view, and diagnosed the complaint—that is no difficult task. But when we ask for the prescription they only answer, "Wait and see."

They want to take the social organism in hand and "go from experiment to experiment." That is where I disagree with your Socialism. You are in possession of books full of chimerical theories, and seek to chloroform the brain of Society with Fabianism in order that you may experiment on the body politic.

I object to the vivisection of the unthinking, helpless organism by Socialist Quack Doctors. I

object to cutting off the limbs represented by private ownership and individual enterprise, with which our trade and commerce moves and progresses. I want to know, first of all, not merely what you are going to substitute, but how you are going to replace the torn and lacerated extremities.

You cannot tell me. You object to the competitive system which enables the best sprinters to win the prizes. You want everyone in life's race to be so handicapped that it shall end in a dead heat for all. You say that all should participate alike in the world's wealth, irrespective of merit, and in the next breath you deny that Socialism means sharing out. What do you mean? Mr. Bax states that "the vaguer the definition of Socialism the less open to objection it is." I concur. That makes me all the more anxious.

A remedy which is to follow long after we are dead is of no use to the living, or to the unemployed. Robert Owen, and other pioneers of the cult, tried on a small scale at their own cost, and failed every time. Now you, self-styled industrial experts, want to repeat it at the nation's expense.

In the Owenite communities all were united in faith and purpose, viz., the practical realisation of their communistic views. You desire to repeat the experiment on a colossal scale, in a community wherein a large number would be violently opposed, and others indifferent, to the scheme. Did you

ever hear of an instance where a united effort to carry out a project having failed, a similar enterprise, in which those concerned are divided, has proved successful?

You all stand condemned as self-confessed amateurs "anxious to shew yourselves original." Having set your imagination on roller skates you let it run away with your common sense, over a specially prepared floor of artificial economics, from which all natural obstructions have been removed. Attempt to traverse the ordinary surface of the world, and you would come a fatal "cropper" on the first mile. Your theoretical conceptions of applied Socialism resemble the faked pictures exhibited in a picture palace. They make you laugh, but are not convincing.

Therefore I do not consider you a fit and proper person to probe and cut, and to be allowed to inject nostrums of your own manufacture into the body politic. You are not competent to dissect the dead remains of your asinine brother, let alone a living organism.

You conclude your epistle with the information that Socialism is a powerful and growing force which has to be reckoned with. That I freely admit. Communism, which is the corollary of collectivism, is the avowed enemy of existing civilisation, and its ideals, professing to relieve the poverty arising from an imperfectly organised system,

appeals to the altruistic, who are thus induced blindly to lend their power to the "class conscious" revolutionists whose ability to destroy, given the opportunity, is admitted.

Altruism is one of those good qualities often referred to by Socialists as being innate, but undeveloped. If you are short of cash, go round amongst your friends to-morrow and endeavour to borrow five pounds on your own security. You will then discover that altruism and radium are equally scarce.

The mistake that you and other people make is in thinking that those who have a cut-and-dried plan for destroying existing society necessarily possess a corresponding power of reconstruction. An idiot, armed with a sharp axe, can in thirty minutes cut down a tree that has taken thirty years to grow. This credulity is all the more remarkable as the protagonists themselves admit that they have no conception of the industrial or social organisation of the promised land.

I, on the other hand, know the true trend of the "many Socialisms," because I have studied the methods of its champions.

I have dived into the theoretical Marxian creed, which is clothed in phraseology as foreign to the minds of the English working man as the alien proletariat who invade their industrial labour markets. Its propositions are conceived and based

on modes of acting which are opposed to all experience of human nature and reason.

Practical Socialism is very different, being "so simple that a child can understand it." Its end and aim is to legalise the practice of picking pockets collectively. Let me explain this clearly. If, as the result of a dispute with a man, you fight and kill him, you will suffer imprisonment—probably an ignoble death at the hands of the hangman. If the nation engages in a dispute and you go forth to fight with others and kill your opponents, you will receive praise and rewards in the shape of a pension.

Socialism desires to sanction the collective robbery of individual savings, not of a foreign foe, but of fellow countrymen. You are making desperate efforts to persuade me that if I am robbed it will be for my own advantage. In the advocacy of such a doctrine you reveal the instincts and morals of a cover-snatching "bucket-shop" broker. You invite me to commit moral and commercial suicide by jumping into the slough of co-operative Socialism, with unlimited liabilities.

This is my answer: I am neither green nor foolish; therefore I am not going to speculate in your "blind pool." If a sufficient number of your Comrades are returned to power to give effect to "practical Socialism," I shall take time by the forelock and see that there is precious little left for

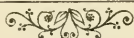
you to annex. I will sell out, and so cut my losses.

You may hoist your red flag, and shout ; “Britain for the Brigands!” I, and millions of workers, will hoist the Union Jack, the emblem of patriotism, of all that is great and noble within the British Empire. We will sing, as of yore : “Britons never will be slaves.” The sturdy British pluck and love of freedom which has resisted time and again the foreign foe will, if called on, overcome and suppress civil strife. Meanwhile, I leave to you the ignoble task of exploiting the misery of the poverty-stricken section of society—for whose sufferings you have no genuine remedy—for the purpose of gratifying your own vain and personal ambitions.

Wishing you and yours may get all you deserve,

Yours, not for the Revolution,

THOMAS MERRYDEW.



FREE LOVE UNDER SOCIALISM.

Simple Simon's Tract for Married Martyrs.

You are a married man?

Ah! I thought so. The straggling growth of chinweeds betrays you. Under the existing insane Capitalist system you have no time to shave.

Have you ever heard of "class consciousness" and the Social Revolution? Do you not know that there are seven million men in the world who commence their letters with "Dear Comrade" and subscribe themselves "Yours for the Revolution"? No, of course not. With a wife and seven children to provide for, you have no time for reading; but we are going to alter all that when the I.L.P.-ers get into the Treasury nosebags.

What would you say if you had seven wives and one child?

Would you have more time?—No.

Would you have more money?—No.

Would you not have an economic domestic Revolution every day of your life?—Yes.

Do you know why you are married?—No.

You have often wondered why you forfeited your freedom?

Marriage is a custom which has grown up under individualism, artfully designed to keep your proletarian nose to the industrial grindstone. In other words you were married by the spontaneous operation of economic forces.

You probably remember that in pre-nuptial days your *bourgeois* employer raised your wages. At the time you doubtless flattered yourself that the increase of emoluments was due to the possession of some intrinsic merit, which, unobserved by yourself, had been discovered by your boss; and this, notwithstanding the fact that he had often informed you that he could perform your duties much better himself!

Why, then, did he give you a rise, instead of the "push"? Was it not because he wanted you to marry so that you might be compelled to work harder? Ah, yes, my Comrade, like the heroine in the fourth act, when the villain has locked the door, "you see it all now."

Would you be surprised to learn that there was a time when people did not marry? Amongst ancient communal tribes there were no permanent indissoluble matrimonial ties. Men in those days were very great on clubs—they were in a sense clubs which solved many economic and social problems, and deeds of separation were executed on the "while you wait" system. Lawyers and Divorce Courts are the adjuncts of Capitalism.

Under ideal Socialism there will be no money, and as there will be no money it is needless to add that there will be no lawyers.

Every Socialist will be his own lawyer with the proverbial idiot for a client.

Now if your employer raised your wages once more you could not marry again. Why? Because under Capitalism, although you may have two votes and a dozen children, you can only have one wife. Yet you are told that you are a free man, living in a free country? Is it not time that we had a Revolution?

Then look at the birth rate, Comrade. Amongst the very poor of Stepney it is 50·16, whilst amongst the "upper crust" of Kensington it is 15·1. In other words, there are six to a dozen for the industrious toilers in the East End, and only one or two for the useless parasites of the West End.

Why is this thus? Can philosophy account for the differentiation in the distribution of population? No. Will the geologist, by a profound research into the paleozoic deposits of a pre-Adamite age offer an elucidation? No.

We have to dive deeper into these matters, Comrade. Let us postulate a post-prandial synthesis and what do we find? Why, that the inequalities of the population are designed by Capitalism to overflow the market so as to keep down the price of labour.

The time has arrived for the Revolutionary epoch. We appeal to all married men to rise as one man and protest against unequal economic burdens, and demand from the County Councils, Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, and other rate squanderers, ameliorative measures and a redistribution of the superfluous unwashed progeny.

Under Socialism there will be no individual parental responsibilities. They will be re-adjusted so that the single man may share the married man's burden. Why should a man with twelve children pay for their maintenance when his neighbour with no wife or family escapes scot free? All this will be changed. To quote a well-known Socialist:—
“Parentage, rightly undertaken, is a service as well as a duty to the world, carrying with it not only obligation but a claim—the strongest of claims—upon the whole community. It must be paid for like any other public service.”

Instead of being a financial loss, a family should be a positive gain. Far removed from the competitive struggle of a mundane world, the married man will, under Socialism, receive pecuniary rewards, “each according to his deeds,” from an ever grateful State, for sacrificing his single blessedness and increasing the pauperism of his country.

The problem of the future will be, “How to be Happy though Single.” Then will Weary Willie ask, “Hulloa, Bill, where be you working now?”

and the reply, "I ain't working anywhere now ; I'm married."

The State will also nurse the young. Why should you, a wage slave, be compelled to make a nocturnal pyjama parade trying to quieten a screaming baby, who, with anarchial tendencies, is protesting against deprivation of lacteal nourishment, by screaming with proletarian energy?

Thousands of fathers and mothers are now being kept awake nightly under the present insane individualistic system who, under a communistic *régime*, will sleep undisturbed in the arms of Morpheus. For each community a spacious hall will be provided for ill-tempered, teeth-cutting, thumb-sucking squallers, where, under the charge of a few deaf nurses, they can all shout in unison, and give free play to their vocal organs without interfering with the comfort of others.

Socialism is, you perceive, a scientific scheme of social as well as industrial organisation which will remove all barriers to married life. Some may urge that the increased burden on the community would become unsupportable, because everyone would marry. On due reflection, it will be discovered that there is no ground for such apprehension. We have it on the authority of a Socialist writer that since marriage "would have no reason for its existence, it must necessarily become repugnant to the moral sense of the community."

Therefore, by a natural effluxion of time, matrimonial bonds would naturally fade away like an abstract proposition in a Socialist Economic Sunday School.

The ignorant middle-class rate and tax-payers may regard the evolutionary development of conubial relationship, heretofore mentioned, too lofty and idealistic for human nature. They fail to perceive, to quote again our Socialist scribe, that "when the economic conditions are changed, when men and women are economically free, love will be free, because there will be no coercion to force a man or woman into relations repugnant to them."

Do you doubt that free love is compatible with peacefulness? If so, go to the monkey house at the Zoo. There you will see the female members of the Simian tribe, all of whom, by the way, are strict vegetarians, enjoying economic freedom, and living in perfect harmony. Likewise, you will perceive the reflex of a primordial communal existence, unfettered by the conventional restrictions of artificial life, which is usually engendered by the environment of a suburban *bourgeoisie* society, cultivated by Capitalism.

Ultimately you may ascertain that human nature is not a fixed quantity where ethics are concerned, and, under progressive conditions, readily throws off the restraints imposed by existence in a civilised condition. To the pure

all things are pure ; so to the grocer all margarine may seem butter, and even to the milkman all water is potential milk, and Individualists uttering disparaging remarks relevant to the new morality are "miserable liars," who only reveal the recesses of their own putrescent minds. Their moral instincts are too perverted and warped to grasp the meaning and charm of an ideal economic cohabitation, unfettered by civic or religious rites.

Dear Comrade: If you chance to reside in a rural district, go to the farmyard and watch the feathered bipeds. There you will perceive each hen, although a member of the family group, enjoying a state of economic independence, picking up a subsistence, independent of her lord and master—free from servile drudgery, and happy in the knowledge that she is not indebted to him for alimentary support.

On the other hand the hen places the community not only under an obligation, but establishes a claim, by laying an egg diurnally. This voluntary contribution to the actual wealth of the State is, under the existing competitive system, expropriated by the bloated capitalist farmer.

Under Socialism eggs will still be laid, only much larger, of course, but as Comrade Robert Blatchford says in "Merrie England":—"Just as no man can have no right to the land, because no man makes the land," so no man has a

right to eggs because he did not lay the eggs, consequently they will remain the property of the hens that lay them.

Nevertheless an important distinction arises, which cannot wholly be ignored, proceeding as it does from economic changes wrought by inventions.

For example : A chicken, hatched in an incubator, necessarily stands on a different footing to one matured by a broody fowl. The incubator being the outcome of socialised human labour, it necessarily follows that the chicken is partially the product of a co-operative evolutionary system the resultant of proletarian labour force, and to that extent, and to that only, becomes the communised property of the State. Moreover, that being so, the subsequent ovarious output will not be shared out, but, in accordance with Chantecler Collectivist principles, will be held by the communal officials for the common good of all.

Finally, we may inquire : If an egg is laid by one hen and hatched by another, to which hen will the chicken rightly belong ?

Note.—That this economic problem has already engaged the attention of Socialists is evident from the sapient observation of a well-known Comrade in "The Christian Commonwealth" (June 23, 1909), in which he remarks : "The hen may be logically proved to have preceded the egg in point of time, or *vice versa*." Arising out of this problem

we notice that another eminent economist, Adam Smith, states that "Equal quantities of labour must at all times and in all places have the same value for the labourer." But this is refuted by the fact that while you can obtain eight new-laid eggs for a shilling you can obtain a score of fresh eggs for the same coin, and yet the labour is equal. Furthermore, Karl Marx, in his exhaustive analysis of capital and labour, devotes whole pages to exchange value, but does not enlighten us as to why you can exchange two hen's eggs for one duck's egg.

A Marxian Socialist may contend that the value of an egg is due solely to the social environment of the hen, and that it is not the hatching of the latter that increases its exchange value, but because it is then, owing to existing capitalist custom, in demand for convivial dinners given by Labour M.P.'s. Until the first-mentioned problem is solved, however, Socialists are met with the unanswerable thesis that without the hen there would be no eggs: therefore to her, and to her alone, the wealth is due.

This is a scientific problem which only a Cabinet composed of Socialist professors of economics can hope to determine.

Meanwhile, those who regard the marital relations under the coming renovated order of society with apprehension, may set their minds at rest.

THE SEVEN DAYS' REST DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION.

President and Treasurer: SIMPLE SIMON.

(Leaflet VII. Revised Version.)

To the Man at the Street Pub. Corner.

Are you a Socialist? No.

Are you a Capitalist? No.

Ah! You are a working man.

A working man, but not a Socialist!

Dear, dear me!

If you are not a Socialist you must be a fool, which is the same thing.

You do not believe in these wild ideas about sharing out.

But would it not surprise you to know that the Socialists do not intend to divide the wealth in this manner. That idea of sharing the wealth is only a figment of the imagination of dunder-headed individualists. No, we believe in Collectivism. Do you know what is meant by Collectivism? I thought not. You do not attend our economic classes held every Sunday at Bunkum Hall.

Did you ever attend a Socialist meeting at which there was not a collection? Did you ever

hear of a Socialist sharing out? No, of course not; we collect in. There is no theorising about a collection. That is true Collectivism. We believe in the production by the many and the collection for the few. We desire to hold all for the common good of all. You run, and we hold the stakes. Yet Socialists are accused of being impracticable theorists.

What we want is to collect the millions of money held by parasites, who save a part of their earnings, and give it to the State; then we, the Socialist leaders, will be the State, and hold all for your good in common, and our own benefit in particular.

Under Socialism there will be no workhouses for the poor. Everyone will be kept by the State, and fed in common dining halls, sleep in dormitories, just like the paupers to-day, only on a different plane. No man will be able to call another a State pauper, because you will all be on the same level. The State will keep you all.

Do you live in one of the barest, dirtiest and foulest of dwellings, which have never been scrubbed, or smelt of soap? If so, why?

Because the idle rich, the parasites in Park Lane, refuse to scrub your floors. You realise now that you are a mere wage slave. You are not a free man. What is a slave? Someone who works for another, to obtain a livelihood, and receives wages.

“Under ideal Socialism there will be no money.” You will no longer be a wage slave, for you will work for the State, and receive no wages at all.

Work will be equally shared by all the people, except members of the Socialist Parliament, the Town Councillors, Trade Union leaders and officials, foremen and superintendents employed in the Co-operative commonwealth. They will do the thinking and talking. The industries will not be controlled by the State, with its highly paid officials, but by the different communities, and held for all by the elected representatives of the people, who will vote to themselves, each according to his needs.

Socialism is wonderfully and skilfully designed, so that whilst the State guarantees employment for all, the industries will be entirely managed by the people, independent of State control. Wealth will not be shared out. It will be under the control of the people, but they won't get it. If you want to know who will consume the wealth you want to know too much, and do not grasp the inner meaning of the Marxist doctrines.

As there will be no money, you will not want to buy. There will be no selling for profit. You will receive what the elected paid representatives of the people allot to you, according to what is considered necessary to meet your needs, not what you think you require, because you might want too much.

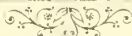
If you obtained from the commonwealth more than you produced you would be receiving commodities produced by others, and to that extent make a profit on your labour. By deriving a profit you would be exploiting the labour of Comrades, the same as the greedy capitalist of to-day.

“Labour applied to natural products, including broken glass bottles, is the source of all wealth.”

Under Socialism, “each man and woman would only need to work two or three hours daily.”

Under Socialism, “wealth will be as plentiful as water.”

I don't think.



O, FOR THAT BUSINESS GOVERNMENT!

Some Observations concerning Dirt, Smoke and Drink.

You often hear the question asked : Who would do the dirty work under Socialism ? Ah ! yes, my Comrades ! What ho ! The dirty work is done to-day. Who does it ? Why, you do it all.

Look at the embonpoint capitalists who put on so much "side," I say look at them, and then ask yourselves why bacon is so dear ! Most of them wash themselves all over once or twice a day, squandering the wealth produced by you, in soap and water, whilst you have not the means for so doing because all soap is the monopoly of a class.

What we want is a redistribution of wealth arranged by a Business Government, run by business men. We want a business Cabinet, whose Ministers, by an intelligent anticipation of events, are able to rig the markets and get in on "ground floor prices." Once this ideal is attained, the little Bulls and Bears will gambol playfully among the guinea pigs and chase the premium-hunting stags of Malay around the market.

Then, supposing under this Business-Socialist Government there was dirt—and even Karl Marx does not say that there will not be any—what

would happen? Why, it would be equally distributed, "each according to his needs." If you did not like the dirt, you would simply clear it away. Why is it considered degrading to empty ashbins, cleanse cesspools, and sweep roads? Because it is now delegated to the poorest unskilled labourers.

The remedy is obvious. "The work might be divided in some way so that each man takes his turn." Then what everyone did no one would despise. All work is honourable—even giving lectures on Socialism at five guineas a night and travelling expenses.

Under a proper redistribution of wealth, labour would no longer be irksome. "Young men fresh from college would have a real good time digging coal or sweeping the streets for three or four hours a day" (R. B. Suthers in "The Clarion"). A still better arrangement may be made by assigning to every householder the duty of sweeping the road and swilling the pavement in front of his own residence.

An earl residing in Piccadilly would find more excitement and adventure in performing his communal task than would the denizens of quieter streets in the neighbourhood of Mayfair. The dodging of taxi's and motor 'buses would make his functioning hazardous, but these disadvantages would be compensated for by his immediate surroundings, and outlook on Green Park. The Home

Secretary might, after shovelling in twenty-five tons of coal, find it inconvenient on a busy morning to attend to the spacious frontage in Whitehall: but it must be remembered that he has at his disposal a large staff of assistants to attend to urgent affairs of State.

Chimney sweeping would provide a new method of exercising the biceps. No longer fettered by the conventions of suburban life under capitalism, the city man on his return home in the eventide will function as the sweeper of the domestic flues, while the children gathered on the lawn watching for the brush to appear towering above the sepia-tinted stack. Inside we should behold Pa, arrayed in old garments, pushing the brush upwards as sooty flakes fell, filling his mouth and eyes like a November fog. Think of the joy and exhilaration he would experience when his task was accomplished and he emerged from his bath, clad once more in his spotless unbleached linen, to sit down to communal dinner, served piping hot from the co-operative bake-house, conscious that he had done one hour's honest work that day.

"What about the dust-bins?" some housewife may enquire. "Will there be no dustmen under Socialism?" My dear lady, you are thinking that you may have to soil your dainty fingers, eh! Now you probably look upon dustmen as dirty and degraded fellows. All this will be changed under Socialism. You will love the dustmen, and wel-

come them to your homes. Why? Because every good husband will be a dustman.

At a certain hour each day a co-operative cart will be brought to the door of your house, and all your husband will have to do will be to shoulder the bin and empty the contents into the vehicle. There will be a man to hold the ladder by which he will mount to the side of the cart, and another to hold the horse's head. They will be servants of the municipality, but will not be allowed to handle your bin, because when all men are dustbin-carriers dustmen will no longer be despised.

You ask what will happen if the dustmen call, when your husband is not at home? Then, of course, you will convey the bin to the cart. The exercise will not kill you. Besides, under Socialism you will have more strength for the task, because not having waiting maids, the muscular weakness from which you now suffer, due to the lack of sufficient physical exercise, will be banished.

"Much of the dirt and dirty work to-day is the direct result of the system we want to abolish." There will be less refuse, because people will not burn coal in separate households. Hot water will be laid on from a main, just as the ordinary supply is now provided. Cooking will cease to be the outcome of individual effort. In future broth, soup, and the like, will be made collectively; potatoes will be boiled in one boiler, meat will be roasted

in one big oven, basted from one cauldron ; and we shall feast together from one communal trough.

Again, in the matter of sleeping accommodation. Under Capitalism we find many people provided with separate bedrooms, sleeping in separate beds, with room enough for two or more occupants, whilst a great many have no beds at all. This is the outcome of wasteful custom, engendered by luxurious habits. We shall, under Socialism, all sleep together—in dormitories or cubicles, of course. The same bell will awake everyone, and all will rise at the same hour, wash and dress in time to partake of breakfast in the common Hall. You may think it impossible, but as a matter of fact it is done daily in our midst—in every gaol in the Kingdom. Surely you will not contend that what is done in gaol is impracticable outside. If so it only shows that you are ignorant of the inner meaning of Socialism, by which men's actions will be governed, not to pamper selfish individual interests, but for the common good of all.

We, who are true Socialists do not condemn intemperance now, because it is one of the causes of misery, and misery makes Socialists of those who suffer, and of many who sympathise with them. If the waste of money in needless drinking were stopped there would be an end to a great deal of the crime, disease and poverty, which would be a death blow to the progress of our movement. Therefore, we maintain that it is not drink which

creates a great deal of distress, but the unhappy environment which provokes people to become, as one leader said, "a drink-sodden democracy." Socialists who stump the country, speaking for the temperance party, are sidetracking their own movement, killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. If the people gave up drinking those Socialists would find their occupation gone, discovering their mistake when too late. They are traitors to their cause.

Notwithstanding the gaol-like discipline, there would be greater individual liberty than exists under the Capitalist regime. To-day there are thousands of toilers who dare not go on the "spree" and enjoy themselves, for fear of getting the "sack." Once the worry and uncertainty engendered through fear of the loss of employment is removed, as it would be in the Socialist State, everyone would be able to enjoy himself, each according to his folly, and inclination. Loss of character, or skill as a craftsman, caused by over-indulgence in alcohol, would no longer involve the risk of starvation and degradation, which now haunts and dogs the footsteps of the lively "rollicking boys" of to-day. Ah, my friends and Comrades, if you would know what real liberty and licence means, rally under the Red Flag, and thus hasten the advent of Free Drinks and Free Love.

Socialism is said to be so simple that a child can understand it, but the simple minded do not

grasp its potentialities. Everything will be produced for use not profit. Socialism stands for whisky and sodas—ad. lib. You have doubtless already heard that Socialism means work for all—but it means something far, far better—“Drinks for all.” Let that be our battle cry, and we shall win “hands down.”



COMRADE 04631 TOMPKIN'S PANTS (1).

(Reprinted from "The Red Flag Times," Marx-day (2), xxi. of Nunquam (3), 2501 A.D.)

Although many years have passed since the Capitalist system, and the capitalists, were wiped off the earth, thanks to the famous automatic Bomb-dropping Aeroplane, invented by Comrade Shirker, there are not wanting signs that the acquisitive instincts have been inherited by some degenerate descendants of the aristocratic *bourgeoise* of that day. These people still manifest a here-

(1) Readers will notice that, with the advent of the Socialist era, Christian names have been abolished and numbers substituted. The idea was borrowed from the practice introduced with what was called the Telephone, used in ancient times, when each person who had a telephone, was allotted a number.

(2) In the Capitalist era the day of each week was named after a mythological god. One of the primary acts of Comrade Snowball, on becoming first President of the Socialist State was to rename the days and months in commemoration of those Socialist Saints who had done the spade work. Thus it occurs that we have the seven days called—Snowday, Harday, Marx-day, Shawday, Webbday, Macday, and Bobsday.

(3) The origin of this name, used to denominate the first month of the year, is difficult to trace, but most students of ancient history believe that it was derived from the slang term "Bunkum."

ditary fondness for litigation, and a desire to uphold individual rights, even though manifestly opposed to the communal welfare.

This has been recently illustrated by the obstreperous conduct of Comrade 04631 Tompkins. It appears that four economic weeks ago he fell over a door-scraper outside his domicile, New Harmony Park Cubicles, and rent his nether garment. In due course he called on Comrade Storekeeper 2151 Jones, and made an application for a complete new suit. His coat, he pleaded, was worn shiny at the elbows, as the result of poring over, and attempting to grasp, Marx's Theory of Value.

Comrade 2151 Jones gave him an order for a coat, but declined the appeal for the torn garment, as the Standing Order LII. prohibited the recognition of "rent" in any form. Moreover, he discovered, on turning up the Stores Record, that Tompkins had, for a breach of discipline, been docked of one suit every two years.

The dispute was referred to the Clothing Committee for the X Division. As our readers are aware, the main plank in the platform of the members of this Committee, when elected last year, was "New suits for all, and no patches." As none of the elected members had any practical knowledge of the department, the Committee, contrary to the Fundamental Laws of the Socialised Constitution,

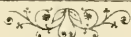
Cap. cv., sec. 10, co-opted three tailors, for the first casual vacancy, created by the death of one of their number.

Comrade 04631 Tompkins was unaware of this informal election, and prior to presenting himself before the Committee he had, in order to strengthen his claim, further damaged the garment by climbing trees. He was rather non-plussed on submitting his much-worn "bags" to this judicial body to find that his request was not readily granted, and to be further informed by the president that his application was referred to the Trousers and Pants Subcommittee. The chairman of the latter happened to be one of the co-opted experts, who, when Tompkins came before them, cross-examined him as to his occupation, pursuits, and forms of recreation.

Tompkins did not at first tumble to his economic environment. It appears that he is a letter sorter in the G.P.O., and mentioned that his only recreation was stamp collecting, omitting all reference to his arboreous exercises. The expert detected a flaw in the pleadings, and, to gain time for a further examination, held that inasmuch as a signed order had not been produced from the overseer of the department in which Tompkins was employed, certifying that in his opinion Tompkins required a new garment for the efficient discharge of his Socialised labour, it would be *ultra vires* for them to give judgment forthwith.

Finally, the T. and P. Committee decided to grant the application, but, exercising a discretionary power given them under Code Bachfordian, Order 2416, refused to provide pockets. In the earliest form of Socialist Government it had been held that as everyone would be working "for use and not for profit" pockets would be a superfluity. On this and other economic grounds, it was decided to abolish pockets, except for members of the Socialist Communal Parliament and the Labour Lords of the Upper Chamber.

Comrade 04631 Tompkins has, we understand, given notice of appeal, on the ground that the co-option of experts on the Committee renders their decision void. The case will be heard at the Court of Altruistic Law next month, when Justice Jellkoe returns from hop-picking.



SIMPLE SIMON'S SOCIALISM FOR SAILORS.

A Rum Outlook.

Yes, we shall have Socialism for Sailors. Heave O, m' lads, heave O! Everyone will be at sea under Socialism. Then let us hoist the Jolly Roger. Shiver my timbers!

We will have no more fat, rotund, red-nosed skippers. The workers will govern the world, the workshops and the ships. All men will be equal on board. Heave O! What O!

Look at your captain, walking to and fro on the bridge with his hands in his pockets. What is he doing? Shouting his orders. He is well clothed and warm, whilst you are swabbing the deck, or splicing the mainsail, or stoking below. Look at the old image—an animated rum cask. Once on a time the man who commanded the ship steered the wheel. Under the capitalist division of labour, your skipper, made soft and mush with exploiting labour, delegates that duty to a worker—a wage slave. Like other captains of industry, he is a parasite, who of himself creates no value.

Yet look at his position and yours! He lives in the best cabin; everyone else obeys him, like the abject slaves they are, and he receives as much in a week as you will for the whole voyage. Why should

he live in the lap of luxury? Without you, the workers, he would be helpless. If you marooned him, would the ship sink? No, because the man would still be at the wheel steering the ship, the stoker stoking the fire, and the cook cooking the dinner.

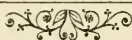
Let us proceed to examine the subject with a microscopic analysis of a pseudo-professor of Evolutionary Socialism. A ship, before it can be steered, must float with its deck uppermost. Granted. Well, in a co-operative commonwealth it will continue to float thus, only not in the interests of cut-throat capitalism, but in accord with economic laws, carefully adjusted by a Socialist Parliament. Primarily, ships will sail for use and not for profit, therefore it will be no longer necessary to insure them at Lloyd's. If a ship is wrecked it will not matter, because where there is no profit there can be no loss.

The ship, under the new order, will become an economic organism, "managed by persons chosen by the people, or chosen by officials elected by the people." Passengers, like the captain, are merely the outcome of individualism, based on class distinction, representing the master class. This antagonism of conflicting interests will be abolished by throwing overboard the commercial captains and passengers, who represent the hornets and drones clustered about the communal honeycomb, feasting on the fruits of proletarian labour. There

will be true economic equality on the Socialist ship, any member of the crew being eligible to be captain, from the stoker upwards. Man develops in accordance with his environment, so that when, no longer under artificial restraints, induced by the consumption of rum and thick twist, a teetotal sailor will become amphibious and swim naturally like a duck. Let it be observed that ducks swim with ease, being sustained by refreshing draughts of water and the succulent gasteropodous mollusc.

You may contend that it is not practicable for a stoker, or common A.B., to navigate a ship; that it would be wrecked and deposited in Davey Jones's locker on its first voyage, if controlled by one who did not understand navigation. My dear Comrade, it is you who do not understand the fundamental basis of our economics. A ship, being an organism of a biological type, and a self-contained community, will, under democratic guidance, co-ordinate its movements with the aquatic environment, and so be safeguarded from a briny cataclysm. Moreover, under the present *régime* Britannia rules the waves. Britannia is the symbol of what? Capitalism. You can behold the portrait of her sinuous Salome-like form on the back of the humblest coin of the realm. Under the new system her erratic rule, which has only resulted in repeated shipwrecks and chaotic disorder and waste, will be abolished, and

our maritime traffic, regulated in accordance with a series of beneficent resolutions, based on the nautical deliberations of an Easter Holiday Shoemakers' Conference. Thus, in the evolutionary scheme for the socialisation of the cosmic forces of the Universe, the waves will still be controlled, not in the interest of Lloyd's, or the capitalist classes, but for the communistic commonweal.



[Specimen pages from a great work.]

SIMON'S SIMLIAN SOCIALISM;

Or, Dry Readings for Wet Evenings.

INTRODUCTION.

I hope all lovers of fiction will peruse this book. It is an inspiring work for the reader, and profitable for the author. By long practice as a journalist I have been able to combine fiction with fact, with the skill of an American bar tender who concocts cocktails to assuage the thirst of American millionaires.

I have been roundly abused by envious Socialist brethren who have tried the same line of business and failed. They have openly declared that my Socialism is a mere jumble of vapid twaddle, which befogs the workers and damages the cause I profess to advocate. They say that theirs—the Marxian creed forsooth—is the pure undiluted Socialism. They are all for the class-conscious-revolutionary-anti-soap-movement!

Let them rave, let them shout. It may be Socialism, but it won't wash. It's not convincing, and above all, it's not paying. After all, the test of the pudding is in the eating. It's all very well to

talk of the penniless Proletariat, but what is the use of writing for them? They have no money for the collecting box, no pence to buy your journals, books or pamphlets. The Proletarian pudding they are after contains no currants, raisins, suet and sugar. It is simply plain dough.

Socialists who write and talk for the "drink sodden democracy" get more kicks than half-pence. They are like actors playing in a "fit-up," with no boxes or grand circle, only a penny pit beneath a half-penny gallery. Now I draw applause from the gallery, expenses from the pit, and profit from the stalls. I write for nuggets—not nuts. In my aeroplane flights in the realms of an imaginary Socialism I have caught the oof-bird on the wing.

I do not despise the Socialist with ideals, mind you. Let us have as many ideals and visionaries in our ranks as possible. Let them be high and lofty. We must teach the *bourgeoise* to "hitch their chariot to a star," to look upwards and onwards, so that we may pick their pockets unobserved.

You and I know that Socialism has been tried again and again, and has always proved a lamentable failure. But that is no reason why we should not repeat the effort, so long as we have a noble and elevating end in view. What does the advocacy of Socialism portend? It means, if systematically carried on, that scores of Socialists will be returned to Parliament as labour repre-

sentatives with salaries of £300 per annum. Ultimately many may become salaried ministers in office. Is that not a noble and elevating purpose?

To attain this object it is not necessary that you should possess a "class conscience"; in fact you will get on much better without any conscience at all, for Socialism is a variation of the confidence trick applied to politics.

It works thus: I have an old uncle Karl, who has left me a valuable legacy of spurious economics on condition that I find someone to distribute them. You, of course, don't know them from the genuine article. There is no one so easy to dupe as the half-educated, half-baked man, who prides himself on his complex nature and super-intelligence. I confide in him. I let him hold the bundle of spurious economics whilst he lets me hold his unearned increment, and take it round the corner, just to show his confidence.

Yes, I understand the British mechanic, the industrious artisan. My "class conscious" catastrophic Comrades don't. They stand on a soap-box at street corners and try to inoculate him with scientific Continental Socialism and soft soap. Their efforts are futile. I give them Socialism they can understand. Suppose it is not the real Socialism? It is the missing link between Radicalism and Socialism, therefore I

call it Simian Socialism. What's the difference? Only this, that you remain lean, whilst I laugh and grow fat. My working man is a plain, honest single-minded, unsuspecting being, simple to lead and easy to "bleed," if you only know the way.

Slap him on the back. Call him honest Bill, Bob or Jack. Talk to him of his grievances in a loving, sympathetic tone, and, when he's intoxicated with your verbosity, slobber over him, tell him how he is being robbed by the wicked, avaricious capitalists. Tell him that Socialism is the only hope—which is quite true so far as you are concerned—and you will not only open his eyes, but his pockets; annex his beer money, and secure his vote.



POPULAR COLLECTIVISM:

A Give (nothing) and Take (all) Policy.

(I.L.P. PIFFLE PAMPHLETS REVISED BY SIMPLE
SIMON).

What do the Socialists want? That is a question often asked.

But the question is: What don't we want? We Socialists want plenty of good food and clothing for everyone, not only on Christmas Day or Sundays, but every day in the week.

You notice, dear Comrades, we only want clothes and food—nothing is said about work. We are not avaricious. Give us the food and drink, and you can have the work.

At one time there were no landlords, machinery, rates, taxes, policemen or soldiers. That was a happy time, my Comrades. Everyone was his own policeman. Nothing was produced for profit because there was no money. The minerals were all ungotten because they were not wanted. If a man dug up diamonds by the bucketful he could not sell them because no one wanted diamonds. Labour gave no value, only DEMAND.

People did without clothes. They had plenty to eat—sometimes. When they could catch no

game they fed on acorns, crab apples, and similar luxuries, and sometimes, when they were starving and short of meat they ate one another, just as poor savages do to-day. Everyone had a jolly time when there were no capitalists or landlords, eh?

“We, the Labour Party, or Socialists (call us what you like, but don’t forget us when we pass the hat round) want to do away with the landlords and capitalists again, but we don’t want to return to the same savage state as before. We want to retain all the luxury and conditions of civilisation brought about and maintained by individualist effort, but we don’t want the classes by whose energy, skill and foresight it has been gotten, to take that large share of the wealth which they have created.”

Yes, it is quite true that the workers have got money enough to buy machinery and land for the creation of wealth—the Trades Unions alone possess nearly six millions of capital—and it is equally true that we can go into the open market and buy at the same price as other capitalists. As the workers, too, are the great consumers of products, we have the free access to the markets.

All we require, and what we haven’t got, is the ability and executive power to manage and organise labour for productive purposes. Now, we Socialists want to change all that. We want to get all the workers to rise up and expropriate all the capital,

the land and machinery, and make the present employers—the directors of industry, the managers, and all brain workers—work for our benefit instead of their own.

Thus, if by his skill and superior knowledge a man can produce £1,000 where we ordinary workers can by our manual labour only produce wealth to the value of £100 or less, we shall insist that he must hand over the £900 to the community for our benefit, for we say that “one man creates as much value as another, and on the basis of equal labour time equal value Socialists rest their argument of social equality.”

Thus, you see, under Socialism there would be food for all and clothes for all, and so it would not matter if there was not work for all. When we say to the capitalist, “Curse your charity, we want steamboats,” we do not speak in an individualist sense. We don’t want the capitalist to “give.” No, we want to “take” it from him as a super tax, to be shared out to us for unproductive work. This will not be sharing out other people’s money—it will be appropriating surplus wealth for the benefit of the community. This will not be robbery, because all wealth is produced by the labourers, and the reason they did not keep it in the first place is because they preferred to pass it on to others.

If we, the workers, bought and owned our land and machinery from our trades union funds, savings

banks, building societies, investments, etc., we should be our own employers and capitalists ; but it cannot be done. Why ? Because we cannot rob ourselves in order to try experiments.

We must have a State monopoly, just like the trams and the Post Office and other public services to-day. The intelligence, and directive ability, is the monopoly of the few hundred thousands who comprise the *bourgeoise*. We shall make them work for us.

Would it not be possible to set up a small colony and run it on Socialist principles ?

Yes, we might ; but that was the mistake made by the pioneers of the Socialist movement. They tried it and failed every time. Why ? Because Socialism is not adapted to human nature. Besides, supposing it succeeded, what would become of us leaders inside and out of Parliament ? We should probably lose our seats in Parliament. You never thought of that. No, of course not. You didn't look at it from our point of view. But that is not the worst that would happen. No ! No, the probability is that if the movement was broken up we **should have to go back to work ourselves.**

Ah, my Comrades, now you understand the meaning of the forward, progressive movement. Our watchword is : Advance, Comrades. There must be no going back—to work. No, no. We're out for Socialism, we are. Plenty of talk, plenty of pay, and no work.

Everyone who desires to advance the forward movement for throwing the industrial world into a state of chaos and bringing about the downfall of the Empire should join us at once. Christians, Atheists, Agnostics, Freethinkers, and Freelovers are all welcome to rally under our Red Flags to support the noble cause of Britain for the ne'er-do-weels.

(Comrades, do you want to leave the world worse than you found it? Then join the Simple Simon Scouts and Spies. Send me your subscription. Make your cheque payable to "bearer." Don't stop to think. Do it now.)



BRANCH MEETING OF THE S.D.R.F.

Comrade Simple Simon gave an eloquent Lecture at the Shamdosser's Hall on Sunday night, in which he proved conclusively that the more a man drank the higher wages he would receive, because the iron law of wages tended to keep to the margin of bare subsistence. Comrade Jack Point said it was the recognition of this law that converted him, and they would perceive that Socialist economics were not so dry as many might imagine.

At the close several questions were asked by earnest Students, one of whom desired to know whether, as the result of the evolution of the social organism back to a primeval state of communism, only on a higher plane, the super men would regain their lost caudal appendages?

The Lecturer said he could not answer positively in the affirmative, and would like to defer his reply until after the advent of a Socialist Government. Probably man had lost this distinctive appendage from contracting the capitalist habit of sitting on chairs, and, no doubt, if he returned to his original communal condition he would resume his ancestral seat on tree branches, which were created for use and not for profit, and provided without entailing the expenditure of human labour force. Then, but not till then, the prehistoric tail would evolve, only

like everything else, it would be on a much higher plane.

There was a splendid sale of pamphlets and back numbers of the "Weekly Buster." The collection amounted to three and fourpence farthing and two vest buttons. Next Saturday being pay-day there will be a *réunion* of workers and our first social. All Bridge players will be welcome. Bring your money with you. There will be a collection at both doors. Plates.



THE GENTLE ART OF VOTE SNATCHING.

A Guide for the Guileless.

The elections are coming. So gather round Comrades and listen unto me. I have here a Guide for Canvassers. Self-praise is no recommendation, but the advertisement in "Justice" says:—"All S.D.F. members interested in election work should have a copy, and keep it by them as they will find it invaluable." So it is. As a guide for the guileless it is immense. Harken to the pearls of Machiavelian wisdom.

"You start out with a Canvass book—"

Observe here that the S.D.F.-er does not walk, run or fly—he "starts out."

Having started out, with book in hand, you "knock at the door, and wish the person opening the door 'good morning' or 'good afternoon,' etc., in your most musical and pleasing manner."

Note, my Comrades, the Socialist does not ring, neither does he kick the door, or yell through the keyhole like a Suffragette on a Cabinet Minister's doorstep. No, he goes to the door and knocks. When the portals are open, behold the non-competitive smile, and salutation given in a "most musical, pleasing manner." I recalled this passage to mind the other day when an

Italian organ-grinder with a similar expression touched his hat, whilst seeking to touch my pocket.

(By the way, what will become of our friend the alien organ-grinder under Socialism?)

"If there is illness in the house you wax sympathetic," continues our mentor in the next sentence, "and hope the worst of their troubles will soon be over and the person restored to health: should the lady be in a jolly mood, be full of good humour and ready to crack a joke with her."

Crack a joke? Surely the writer means a bottle—a broken bottle.

What an accommodating canvasser is the S.D.F.-er. A perfect Niobe—all tears at one door—ready to crack chestnuts at the next.

This by no means exhausts the strategy of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways-All-Things-to-All-Men-and-Women.

"Has the husband just fallen out of work, you feel for their misfortune, and point out how necessary it is for him to have a vote to force the Government to deal with the unemployed question."

Here Mr. Facing-Both-Ways canvasser turns from gay to grave. He no longer appears as the gallant joker. He "feels for their misfortune." He is like the L.C.C. tram conductor who, giving evidence in the law court, said he felt sorry when the old lady fell off the tramcar steps because it

said in the rules he should be sorry. When we hear the S.D.F.-ers piling on the agony in their perorations we must remember that they can "feel for misfortune." It is all part of the game of spoofing the electors.

The writer of this unique manual seems to anticipate every phase and passing mood. Thus he proceeds :—

"Should the lady be nasty, feel her pulse, so to say, before you start, and then get her in a good humour, or, failing that, wish her good luck and promise to call again."

Here essential detail is lacking. How is the industrious S.D.F.-er to feel the pulse of a lady who is nasty? Will he commence by reading the programme of his party? If that fails to make her smile, he might, as a last resource, venture a few extracts from some Socialist author on free love, or Karl Marx's exposition of machinery as a non-producer of wealth.

"Under no circumstances assume the person answering the door is ignorant because he or she does not welcome you with open arms."

Certainly not. The lady would indeed be blissfully ignorant who accorded such a welcome to the S.D.F. canvasser.

For hypocrisy, the Socialist campaigner is obviously miles ahead of his capitalist opponent. Let

us not forget that: "This book has been written to place within reach of branches and canvassers a long-felt want—namely, a guide to what canvassing is, how it should be done, and how it looks when the book comes in."

How does the book look? Let us follow, in imagination, the Comrade, primed with the information already quoted:—

THE RED FLAG CANVASS BOOK.

Name of Road: Slosby Avenue.

Canvassed by: Comrade DOUBLEFACE.

No. of House—I.

Name of Voter—BROWN, JOHN.

Canvasser's Remarks.

House full of steam. Evidently washing day. Mrs. B. came to the door, looking very cross. Arms covered with soapsuds. Could not feel her pulse. Put on best smile, and said, "Good morning, have you used——" Told me to go somewhere, and slammed the door in my face.

No. 2:—JONES, JIM.

Canvasser's Remarks.

Saw Mrs. J., who looked worried. I was very sympathetic. Told me she had had no solid food for two days. Very sad case. Husband working,

but brought home no money. Evidently not receiving a living wage. Informed her that under Socialism there would be higher wages and men would have more time for leisure to devote to the family. Lady said her husband didn't want more time—had got too much now. Got rather crusty when I asked where he was working. Puzzling case. Must consult Marx.

No. 4 :—JOPPIN, BILL.

Canvasser's Remarks.

Lady very talkative. I cracked one of the jokes I heard at the "Trumpeter's" Spies—I mean Scouts—tea party at Shamdossers' Hall. Mrs. Joppin explains that the husband of the lady next door was doing "time" for a burglary. Note.—Consult Karl Marx as to the Socialised human labour time for cracking a crib.

No. 6 :—GILLY, MARY.

Canvasser's Remarks.

No male voter here. Mary keeps a lodger, who pays no rent, except when in work. Has been out of employment for seven months, as trade is very slack. I looked very serious and said she was confronted by the greatest economic problem of the age. Said it was due to over-production. Mary started to argue. Said the lodger's business did not suffer that way—he was a snow shoveller.

Oh, for that Business Government.

No. 8 :—BROWN, BILL.

Canvasser's Remarks.

Noticed blinds down upstairs. Light in the bedroom. Bill answered the door, looking very mournful. I looked solemn likewise. Someone ill. Thought so. Spoke in a whispering tone of suppressed emotion. Expressed my heartfelt sympathy in choice phrases. Bill said times were very hard, and agreed with me that the crying evil was over-production. Was what he was suffering from just now more than anything. I gave him Comrade Hyndman's views on the surplus value and Socialised human labour. He asked me to step inside and keep the children quiet while he fetched the supper beer. The missus was ill. Having a family of my own I said I hoped it was nothing catching. Bill grinned, and said he hoped not. Heard a squalling duet while Bill was out. A Nurse came downstairs and asked me if I wasn't ashamed of myself, a smoking a dirty pipe and making the twins cough.

(Memo.—Went home feeling very despondent. Shall not turn on the emotional tap in future before ascertaining the cause of illness. Marx was right. The crying evil is over-production.)



A PREMIER AND THE CHARLADY.

A Duologue.

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Taxemore... .. A Prime Minister.

Miss Sarah Swanks, *alias* Muffles A Charlady.

Scene : A room in the Prime Minister's residence.

Miss Swanks, attired as a charwoman, enters carrying a bucket, which she places near the table. Looking round the apartment to see that no one is watching, she makes her exit, and returns immediately with an electrophone to which a wire is attached, and places it in the bucket. Then, hearing footsteps of someone approaching, she picks up a brush and dustpan and commences sweeping the carpet. The Prime Minister enters carrying a bundle of documents, which he places on the table and sits down by the same. Yawns sleepily as he unties the papers, then pauses and watches the woman working.

Prime Minister : Ah, good morning, Mrs. Muffles. You here—busy, as usual ?

Mrs. Muffles (still sweeping) : Yes, m'lord, busy as a Chancellor on a Budget night.

P. M. (laughingly) : Pity we could not secure your services in the House ; you'd find plenty to do. You may sort this rubbish for me—(throws a bundle of

papers to her)—they're press cuttings, criticisms of my last Budget speech. (Commences writing.)

Mrs. M. : Ah, I see, they're cutting criticisms. (Still on her knees, she sorts them out on the floor, and smiles as she reads, and one causes her to laugh aloud.)

P. M. : What have you got there? Something extra good?

Mrs. M. : Yes; its from the "Daily Aeroplane."

P. M. : And what does the "Aeroplane" say?

Mrs. M. : O, it only remarks that you're a liar.

P. M. : What astonishing discernment! But I don't see where the laugh comes in.

Mrs. M. : Well, I was thinking that it has taken them a long time to discover the truth.

P. M. (thumping the table): They shall smart for that.

Mrs. M. : I shouldn't be foolish, if I were you; don't try a fall with a newspaper.

P. M. : No?

Mrs. M. : A newspaper is like a woman, it can always get the last word. (Picks up another cutting.) Now here's another, from the "Daily Cylinder." It says if there's any truth in Theosophy you must be the reincarnation of Captain Kidd, the pirate king.

P. M. (angry): Burn them—burn them all. (Picks up a handful of the cuttings, tears them in pieces, scattering the same in and around the waste-paper basket.)

Mrs. M. (expostulating): That's a nice mess to make, just when I've cleaned up. Let me give you a little advice. Before you open your letters to-morrow morning take a glass of fruit salts to cool your Celtic blood.

P. M.: Mrs. Muffles, you're an excellent char-woman, but a bad doctor. How long have you been here?

Mrs. M.: Ten years come Michaelmas.

P. M.: Talking of Michaelmas reminds me of geese. Do you know, when I was a boy at home on the farm, I always used to be fond of feeding the geese——"

Mrs. M.: And now you pluck them.

P. M.: What did you say?

Mrs. M.: I was merely remarking that the boy is father to the man.

P. M.: Mrs. Muffles, as a woman of the people you should know what the people think, so perhaps you will give me the benefit of your criticism on this document. (Hands her a document).

Mrs. M.: What is this? The scenario of a problem play?

P. M. : No, a state paper on the Nationalisation of milk. By the way, what do you know about scenarios ?

Mrs. M. : A great deal, seeing that I've a brother, John Scotcher, who writes plays.

P. M. : Scotcher ? I've never heard of him. What has he written ?

Mrs. M. : He's written many plays, only no one will produce them.

P. M. (sarcastic) : Ah ?

Mrs. M. : There's many a good play written that's never produced, just as there's many a good egg laid that's never hatched.

P. M. : And many a good Bill passed in the Commons that gets addled in the Lords, eh ! Come now, Mrs. Muffles, have you ever asked yourself why I, the Prime Minister, condescend to converse with you on State affairs ?

Mrs. M. : No, I never ask myself silly questions.

P. M. (solemnly) : Mrs. Muffles, look at me. I am at this moment Prime Minister.

Mrs. M. : It does seem absurd, doesn't it ?

P. M. : I am something more—I'm a Socialist.

Mrs. M. : I knew it.

P. M. : Then your prescience does you credit.

Mrs. M. : It wasn't my prescience, but your last Budget that told me.

P. M. : Next year I intend to bring in a Bill for the Nationalisation of all land which is not kept free from weeds.

Mrs. M. (waving her brush) : Hurrah ! But what about the Cabinet ?

P. M. : I've got them on a string. You see if they want to keep their places—

Mrs. M. : And their salaries.

P. M. : Precisely, they've got to follow my example, and——

Mrs. M. (interrupting) : —— turn their coats.

P. M. : And move with the times—and Nationalise other people's wealth.

Mrs. M. : That's what I call bribery. What is the difference between offering to appropriate other people's property and giving it to those who will vote for you, and giving them a direct bribe ?

P. M. : Why, in the one case you impoverish yourself in order to get into power, and in the other you make other people foot the bill. The one is based on Collectivism, and the other is Individualism.

Mrs. M. : But surely its hardly fair—

P. M. : My dear Mrs. Muffles you don't understand—everything is fair in love and war. You don't think we're going to be so silly, when the people clamour for spoliation, as to run away and let those Labour fellows get their noses into the

Treasury manger, and have it all to themselves. Not likely. What we must do is to adopt a process of assimilation.

Mrs. M. : And what sort of game is that ?

P. M. : We shall take the most popular Labour leaders into the Cabinet, one by one. We can thus disarm them singly, whereas they would always be a menace to the Party.

Mrs. M. : But they would surely not sacrifice their principles in such a barefaced manner.

P. M. (smiling) : Sacrifice their principles ? What are the principles of our Party ?

Mrs. M. : To keep in office as long as you can—

P. M. : In order to apply those principles. They would also dominate the Socialists.

Mrs. M. : The rank and file would cut up rather rough, I fancy.

P. M. : There you display a woman's ignorance of politics. Where the leaders lead the followers follow. If the leaders cannot control their supporters they do not know the A B C of their business. I shall invite X. into the Cabinet, and he will at once inform his people that it is a sign of the growing power of Socialism. That, under ordinary circumstances, he would refuse, but he feels it is his duty to make some sacrifice for the cause. By accepting office he hopes to permeate his colleagues in the Cabinet with Socialist's ideas.

Consequently, he resolves to accept office with its emoluments of a few thousands per annum for the sole purpose of putting an end to the vicious capitalist system. You understand?

Mrs. M. : You do not expect the rest of the Cabinet will follow your example?

P. M. : No ; there will be the usual split. The old gang will resign office, but the majority will remain—they always do. Whatever happens we can rely on the majority to stand by their Party and salaries.

Mrs. M. : Still there'll be a big noise?

P. M. : Not more than those termagant impudent Suffragettes make.

Mrs. M. (repeating slowly) : Termagant Suffragettes?

P. M. (smiling) : You speak quite feelingly. Anyone would think that you were one.

Mrs. M. : Perhaps I am—what then?

P. M. : Mrs. Muffles, you know very well that every woman employed in these offices is pledged not to join the movement, not even a charwoman.

Mrs. M. (rising and turning boldly to P. M.) : But suppose I am not a charwoman. Suppose I bribed the charwoman to let me take her place?

P. M. (in tremulous tone) : Not the charwoman? Then who are you?

Mrs. M. (throwing off her shawl and bonnet): Behold, I'm Sarah Swanks!

P. M. (shrinking away near the doorway): What! Sarah Swanks! the leader of the—the—

Mrs. M.: Yes, of the Suffragettes.

P. M.: But I thought—

Mrs. M. (laughing): Yes, you thought I was in gaol, with the 360 Comrades your minions arrested for shouting "Votes for Women!" down the chimneys of Members of Parliament on Christmas Eve.

P. M.: Now, as you're no longer here in the capacity of—

Mrs. M.: Charwoman, and adviser in chief—

P. M.: You'll have the goodness to go, and leave—

Mrs. M.: And leave the bucket for you to kick. (Sitting down.) But I'm not so easy to dispose of. You men are so easily duped. Fancy mistaking me for an ignorant charwoman.

P. M.: Universal education has done much to abolish superficial distinctions. Your behaviour, too—

Mrs. M.: Enough. Listen to me. The time has arrived when you and I should proclaim a truce and negotiate.

P. M. (groaning) : Negotiate ! Impossible ! You know my views, and nothing you can say will alter them.

Mrs. M. (soothingly) : Come, come, don't talk so rash. I know you're a man, and therefore accustomed to address women as if they were children. But from now onwards there's going to be a change. For a time I am going to govern the country—through you. You shall submit my measures to the Cabinet. Don't be alarmed. They will be good measures, for I intend to convince you by practical demonstration that a woman can govern wisely, and, in some directions, far better than a man.

P. M. : You have the gift of speech and plenty of confidence, Miss Swanks, but I am not yet your slave.

Mrs. M. (confidently) : But you will be.

P. M. (sarcastic) : Indeed !

Mrs. M. : Truly.

P. M. : Then let's play the game from the start. I, as Prime Minister, shall flatly decline to listen to your proposals or demands.

Mrs. M. : Before you know what they are ? How like a politician. Well, you have played one card ; I'll follow suit. In the first place, I demand the immediate release of my 360 Comrades from gaol.

P. M. : And the next order, please ?

Mrs. M. : The first Bill in the next Session must be for the enfranchisement of all women over twenty-one years of age.

P. M. (laughing) : Very good. You propose to put the male voters in a minority forthwith ?

Mrs. M. : That will not matter. Half the male voters in the country don't want the votes they've got, and wouldn't vote if the women did not canvass them.

P. M. : Well, I do not think we need waste any more time in discussing your ridiculous schemes. (Goes to open the door for Mrs. M.)

Mrs. M. : Sit down. I've not finished yet.

P. M. (impatiently) : Your demands are preposterous.

Mrs. M. (smiling complacently) : But you must hear the conditions. You surely did not think that Sarah Swanks would make demands without having some means of enforcing them.

P. M. : You are really amusing.

Mrs. M. : You know since I've been charwoman here from six to nine a.m. daily I've had the run of the place.

P. M. : And so you've been mean enough to pry into my papers ?

Mrs. M. : Your papers ! You forget, sir, that they are the country's documents, and, therefore, as

much my affairs as yours. Then I've had the whole of the contents of your waste-paper basket for the past three weeks. Every letter and torn scrap of paper has been carefully pieced by a special committee of the Suffragette Band of Hope Union.

P. M. (excited): You—you female Paul Pry! How dare you?

Mrs. M.: You need not be alarmed. Your personal letters will be returned intact, but there are some documents which will be made public. There's that Bill for Nationalising Friendly Society Funds——

P. M. (excited): Silence. How dare——

Mrs. M.: And the copy of that secret treaty with——

P. M.: You dare not publish that.

Mrs. M.: Why not?

P. M.: Well, you would prove once for all that women could not be trusted with State secrets.

Mrs. M.: That is not my best card.

P. M. (groaning): No?

Mrs. M.: For the last three weeks we have had some interesting discussions on State affairs, and last of all I have your grand *coup* for dishing the Socialists——

P. M.: All that I shall flatly deny—officially, of course.

Mrs. M.: That will be no use. I shall publish the statements all the same.

P. M.: It will be your word against mine.

Mrs. M.: And something more. (Goes to the bucket and raises from it the electrophone). At the other end of this electrophone, in the offices of our Union, there are three shorthand writers recording our conversations.

P. M. (enraged, kicks the bucket and instrument out of the room): You infamous woman! How long has this been going on?

Mrs. M. (calmly): Every morning, for three weeks. We are now going to publish everything in our official organ.

P. M.: Why you'll set Europe in a blaze.

Mrs. M.: All through your indiscretion. Men are not fit to be trusted with secrets.

P. M.: But you don't understand; you'll not only damn my career, but my Party.

Mrs. M.: For neither of which I care that (snaps her finger). Now you see I'm in a position to enforce my demands.

P. M. (rises, and walks up and down the room): I'm to release the 360 women, bring in a Bill to enfranchise the whole of the—the—

Mrs. M. (smiling): Termagants, eh?

P. M.: In fact go back on everything I've said and done.

Mrs. M. : That is nothing novel for a politician. You will only lose a few members of your Cabinet, "the majority will remain—they always do."

P. M. : It's impossible, don't you see ; I cannot change without a reason.

Mrs. M. : I don't see it ; just now you explained how easily you could turn Socialist.

P. M. : You're perfectly maddening.

Mrs. M. : Come, now, be reasonable, and let us resume negotiations.

P. M. : I must have time to think.

Mrs. M. : Time to think how you can wriggle out of your dilemma ? (Firmly.) No, we're going to settle terms, now—at once.

P. M. (flattering) : By Jove, if we'd only a few diplomatists like you.

Mrs. M. : I do not want compliments, thank you. This is a time for action.

P. M. : Suppose we compromise matters. First of all I'll release the women.

Mrs. M. : Of course you will, and then bring in the Bill, and see that it is passed.

P. M. : You refuse to compromise then ?

Mrs. M. : Yes, a compromise means that those who are in the right concede something to those who are in the wrong.

P. M. (walks up and down the room for a few moments, then opens a cabinet drawer, and takes out a revolver and places it on the table. Sits down): You need not be afraid.

Mrs. M.: No I'm not. (Pulls a revolver out of her handbag.) Are you?

P. M.: I intend it for myself. You say that you'll accept no compromise. I'm going to make one other proposal, which I ought to have thought of before, only in the excitement of the moment I forgot an important physiological fact, namely, that you are a woman and I am a man. You're a clever woman too. I knew that before to-day by your speeches, for I've read them all. You're a match for any man in diplomacy.

Mrs. M.: Excuse me, but must I repeat that flattery is most distasteful.

P. M.: There are two other circumstances I had overlooked. We are both single, and I——

Mrs. M. (interrupting): I think you are entering into personal matters which are totally irrelevant. You had better leave sex questions alone for your Socialistic Government to discuss—if you form one.

P. M.: I was about to add that, united, we should form a powerful combination.

Mrs. M.: Ah, now you are flattering yourself.

P. M.: Sorry, but you don't understand. I'm leading up to a proposal of marriage to you.

Mrs. M. (laughing): Did that occur to you as an alternative to shooting yourself?

P. M.: It was a second thought, therefore the best.

Mrs. M. (sits musing for some time.)

P. M.: Do you like the idea?

Mrs. M.: It requires getting used to. (Looking at him critically.) You're hardly one's ideal.

P. M.: None of us can hope to attain our ideal.

Mrs. M.: I'm afraid you're a bit of a fool.

P. M.: Possibly, or I'd be able to think of some other way out of my difficulty.

Mrs. M.: Do you suggest this as an alternative to all my demands.

P. M.: No, I would not mind releasing the 360 on our wedding day.

Mrs. M.: Thank you, but I should not care to be torn to pieces. I suppose you don't mind putting this promise of marriage in writing?

P. M.: Certainly, when you return all the records and papers you have so carefully collected. I'm sorry I did not think of this before.

Mrs. M.: Come, cheer up.

P. M.: What will become of your cause?

Mrs. M.: There are plenty to take my place.

P. M.: And I shall always have you near at hand to protect me from them.

Mrs. M.: Yes, I've already saved your life.

P. M. (aside): Saved, but at what a cost.
(Aloud.) Still I've done the best for my Party.
It was the only way.

Mrs. M.: Yes, in proposing to me you've done a "far, far better thing than you've ever done before."

P. M.: I shall resign office after our marriage, and we'll migrate for a while to some distant land and build a new home for ourselves.

Mrs. M.: Yes, Yes, and what shall we call our new domicile?

P. M. (Taking her in his arms tenderly): It must be something reminding us of the present, and yet reminiscent of the past.

Mrs. M. (After a pause) Then, dearest, we will call it **Dunrobin**.

Curtain.



UNCOMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM ANSWERED.

(1) That there would be no Beer under Socialism.

ANSWER :

The subject of this argument is apt to be found in everyone's mouth. It is contended that because the leaders of the Socialist movement fill up their spare time, and pockets, by hiring themselves out as Temperance advocates, that they would—given the power—abolish all alcoholic refreshments.

What rot.

Who makes the beer? The working man.

Who drinks the beer? The working man.

Under Socialism the workers will control and govern production. You, John Smith, will have a voice in the management of brewing, as well as all other forms of industry.

As labour creates all beer, therefore, to labour all beer is due.

Will you vote for the dis-establishment of State Breweries? Eh! What!

Why brewing will become one of the most important industries. Moreover you will see that your beer is made of the finest malt and hops.

There will not only be quality, but quantity. Yes, my friend, more beer and more time to drink.

But that is not all. Under Capitalism beer is brewed for profit. In the Socialist State beer will be brewed for use, and, in accord with the communistic principle, to each will be given according to his needs.

To-day we have free libraries, and baths provided by the Municipalities. The Manchester Corporation display an intelligent anticipation of future conditions by carrying the blind free of charge on their trains.

Under Socialism all the citizens of Cottonopolis will qualify for free conveyance home each night.

To-day each one sips beer from a glass containing a carefully measured quantity. Why? Because owing to habits, the outcome of selfish capitalism, it is feared that a man will, if left to quench his thirst unrestrained, consume more than his fair share. Beer is now produced collectively.

To-morrow, in accord with natural scientific evolutionary development, mankind will smash all glasses, and abolish such tokens of selfish individualism as pints and quarts, and consume their favourite beverage from the barrel, and all may, without fear of restraint, become collectively drunk. Thus the masses will be "initiated into their rights of citizenship;" and to a full understanding of the State organisation of productive and distributive functions.

(2) That Socialism means Free Love.

ANSWER:

This has been used as an argument against Socialism because some advocates have suggested that we should dispense with the marriage ceremony.

It is a false hypothesis promulgated by those who assume that Socialism is a cut-and-dried plan. Socialists have no matrimonial scheme. All they desire is to put womankind on the same level with men, so that they may live in a condition of State-aided economic independence.

True love will no longer be the monopoly of the few, but will be nationalised and assimilated in the natural evolutionary processes.

There will be State endowment for motherhood, by which men will be relieved of all individual parental responsibility. This is agreed on by all the leading lights of Socialism, except those which shine in Christian Socialist circles.

Do not run away with the idea that a man will have more than one wife in the Socialist State. Remember that women will have equal rights and privileges in common with men. They will always be able to out-vote the men.

Do you think, John Smith, your missus will vote for an extension of your social liberty?

Most of the active Suffragettes are female Fabians. They smell a rat. When Socialism comes into practical politics they mean to have not only a voice but a vote in the new social *régime*.

Socialism will place the Socialist man in his proper sphere—under petticoat government. To-day, John, you cry out for one man one vote. To-morrow we shall hear on the hustings, "One man—one woman."

Socialism would not destroy home life. For you there would be more home, and no club.

Marriage laws being abolished, your partner would take care that you did not leave her sight in your leisure hours.

You understand human nature, John. You know likewise that, whatever changes Socialism makes, men and women will still be jealous. Love and hatred will exist even when the safeguards of capitalist civilisation are abolished.

Remember Socialism stands for the economic independence of women.

Put it all in your pipe, John. Smoke, and think it over.

- (3) That Socialism means the collective ownership of all the means of Production, Capital, Exchange, and small change.

ANSWER:

This is quite true. Why object? As labour is the source of all wealth, the State would be compelled to assert its right to all you produce.

In exchange, you would receive goods according to your needs. A wise and beneficent committee of your Comrades would sit to decide as to your requirements, to see that you received enough to keep you alive, and no more.

There would be no dividing up. That is not Socialism. What we intend is to hold all the wealth for the common good of all. If you ask who are "we," I can only reply—those who represent the State or the Community.

There will be no officials under Socialism. The affairs will be controlled and wealth held by the functionaries—men and women who will hold all for the common good of all.

When the Socialist State comes into being I, as one of the representatives in the Socialist Senate, will hold, I hope, a thousand pounds per annum. My life will be devoted to tending to the welfare of all. No man is worth a salary of more than £300 per annum. By that I do not

mean that a man may not receive and hold five or even £10,000 annually, providing that he is working for "the common good of all."

I trust you perceive the difference, John Smith, and understand why, when you ask a Socialist for details of our social organisation, he replies that Socialism is not a scheme, but a principle. It is a principle—a very good one too—for the principals.

Let me hold £5,000 per annum, and I will undertake to solve more economic problems than Adam Smith or Karl Marx ever dreamt of. For £10,000 I will co-ordinate and organise all the revolutionary class wars that ever permeated the sanguinary imaginations of the I.L.P. or their catastrophic Comrades of the S.D.P.

If, John, you say that you would refuse to function under such a plan, I can only retort that you have failed to grasp your economic position.

The State, you admit, will own all the means of production. Consequently, the State will own the fruits of your labour. Those who will not work must starve. There will be no such things as strikes, because it stands to reason that the State is not going to keep you while you rebel against the bondage of the Social organism. Trades Unions, being no longer essential to protect the workers from private capitalists, will cease to exist, and no individuals will be permitted

to aid you in a struggle to break the chains of class solidarity.

What will the State do? What does it do to-day when you fail to send your offspring to school?

If you absent yourself from the office, workshop, factory, or whatever your place of employment may be, the State Foreman will report you to the Work Attendance Inspector. The W.A.I. will call at your domicile to make enquiries. One warning notice will be given, and in due course you will be summoned to appear before one of those who "Hold all for the common good." In the interests of the community you will be given the option of working overtime to make up for the lost hours, or performing compulsory service in the Communistic gaol.

You understand, John, that under Socialism work will still have to be done, and apportioned out to those who can do it best.

A bricklayer will still have to lay bricks. He may think his proper sphere in life is book-keeping, or the stage. He may think he would make an excellent bookkeeper, but for the common good of all he would be sent to the bricklaying department.

You want to know who would decide what you should do? Why, your masters, of course. Where there is labour there must always be directors of the same, without which there would be universal

chaos. The discipline would be greater, because you would be under the control of officers—I mean functionaries.

I suppose you know that in the Army and State Services there is always more discipline than in any other condition of employment. There will be plenty of people in the Socialist State who will see that you do your work; because their reward and promotion will depend on the output from their department.

Do not think, John, that under Socialism you will easily tumble on a soft job. There will be no competition for easy situations of course. In the place of competition, appointments will go by favour. The “Hold Alls for the Common Good,” will look after their relations.

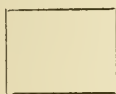
Under Socialism you will “produce for use and not for profit.” If you received, therefore, more than your bare maintenance, that surplus would be profit, and in making a profit out of your work you would be exploiting other members of the community.

That is the system we want to end. So under Socialism we say “to each according to his needs.” You will have enough to eat and drink, a new suit of clothes every year, and the share of a house to live in. You will have plenty of liberty to think. What more do you want?

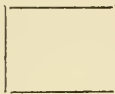
I imagine you replying, “a motor car.”

There will still be motor cars—owned collectively. There will be no cars reserved for private ownership. Cars and taxi's will no longer be for the selfish few. All will have the same right to use them.

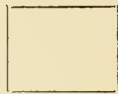
Supposing in your town there are three motor cars, thus :—



(1)



(2)



(3)

The first one is engaged on a journey, the second has a punctured tyre, and only No. 3 is available. You want to journey to Brighton. Another townsman, a big athletic man, comes up at the same moment, and taking his seat beside you, instructs the chauffeur to drive in the opposite direction, to Bedford?

Whilst you are arguing, a third citizen—a champion boxer—arrives and instructs the chauffeur to drive him to Bath.

Now let us have it all over again. There is one taxi for three men, all having equal rights.

One is a thin, ordinary man, who wants to spend a week-end in Brighton; the second, an athlete, desires to go to Bedford; the third, a bruiser, to Bath.

Under Capitalism it would be a case of first come, first served, or else left to the decision of the driver.

Under collective ownership, and in the absence of officialism, which is so obnoxious to liberty-loving Socialists, it would be decided by polemical discussion, and as a result of the argument you would need a doctor, the would-be fare for Bedford would need a bed in a hospital, and the bruiser would go to Bath. That would be the application of the principle "each according to his needs" for the first two, and "according to his deeds" for the latter.

(4) That if Socialism is practicable why is it not tried now?

ANSWER :

This is a question which is not easy to answer, John, without shuffling. If I were asked on a platform I could easily put up some sort of reply ; but on paper it is difficult. That is why we Socialists are never willing to debate Socialism in the columns of our own papers, although we are always challenging debates on the public platform.

The fact is Socialism has been tried many, many times, and has always proved a failure.

Robert Owen who spent a fortune in attempting to set up isolated Socialists' communities. They all failed. We can only answer that Owen was a Utopian. A feeble retort, because we are all Utopians, even more so than Owen, for we have no business ideas like Owen, who was an eminently practical, self-made man.

Our best card, indeed, the only one, is the reply that all Socialistic experiments in the Capitalist world are fore-doomed to failure, because it is incompatible with competition.

To give full play to our Socialists' ideals we must have MONOPOLY. Monopoly of Labour, Monopoly of Capital, and every form of wealth.

The State will be your employer, John. The State, having a Monopoly of Labour, will be able to dictate where you shall work ; what your employment shall be ; your hours and your sustenance. There will be no wages, for that would be sharing out, and Socialism does not mean sharing out.

The true inner meaning of Socialism is State Monopoly, and consequently the abolition of competition in the Labour world.

For this reason Foreign competition will be absolutely prohibited. Therefore we should insist not on Tariff Reform, but absolute PROTECTION.

If you ask me when Socialism will begin, seeing that it cannot commence, or exist, under

competition I answer frankly that we must have a Revolution.

We talk softly, but "carry a big stick"—with a bullet in it.

- (5) If it be true that Labour is the sole producer of wealth, and is robbed of two-thirds of its product by Capitalists, why do not Socialists co-operate and organise Labour so that it may appropriate all that it produces?

ANSWER :

This is not a fair question. In the first place Socialists do not make such a preposterous claim, except at unreported street corner meetings.

There are, I admit, statistics presented in the Fabian pamphlets which lead the unthinking to arrive at such a conclusion. If you, a Socialist, are confronted with such a statement either in book or speech you can always repudiate the authority. As a Social Democrat you can deny that the Fabians are aught but an organisation of middle-class mediocrities. The I.L.P. frequently challenges the S.D.P., and the latter return the compliment, with interest.

Some Socialists join the two organisations. This is useful in controversy, because if the programme of one Party is attacked you can pose as a supporter of the "real" Socialist movement.

The workers do not produce all the wealth, any more than the butcher produces the pork, beef, or mutton he sells. The wealth already existed—much of it, such as minerals, for untold ages.

This is for your private information. When you are cornered you must ask: If the workers do not produce the wealth, who does?

A silly question, which, however, serves to non-plus "the man in the street." You may add that if there were no workers there would be no wealth, therefore all the wealth is due to labour.

This proposition is as sensible as the statement that the value of a house is wholly due to the land upon which it is built, because if there was no land there would be no house.

Again, if there was no demand for the wealth, there would be none. Therefore, it is not the man who makes boots, but he who buys and wears them, creates wealth.

These and many more obtruse problems we discuss in our Economic Classes. For inspiration, dive into poor old Adam Smith and other out-of-date writers, because it will impress your audience. A writer of economic conditions of a

century ago is a better authority than a contemporary.

Finally, it must be remembered that all wealth is socially created, and is due to no one man's exertion. We owe all to our environment, and not to our own individual ability, talent, or industry. Our education is the product of the community to our ancestors. We are indebted for everything to the community at large, and therefore they should reap the benefit collectively—not you individually.

I trust you have fully assimilated this, for it is the essence of Socialism. If, for example, you picked another man's pocket, that act would be due solely to your social environment and not to your own misdirected ability. For mark this: If you had not been surrounded with pockets laden with wealth you would not have annexed the contents.

As rewards cannot be justly kept by any individual, but rightly belong to the community, so punishment for actions the outcome of environment must be socialised in like manner.

Therefore, supposing you anticipate legislation, by picking a pocket, under a Socialist *régime*, assuming that anything will be left in the same, what will happen?

You, individually, must not be punished; but the community.

The policeman will represent the community; therefore, when the law is transgressed, the victim will not denounce the thief, but the police officer on duty, who will undergo incarceration in gaol for the community. Likewise in a case of murder, the perpetrator will not be hung, but the constable on whose beat it occurred. That is the meaning of that beautiful Socialist motto—

“Each for all and all for each.”

You will perceive that it will be to the interests of the police to prevent dishonesty or crime, and the methods they will adopt may be left to conjecture.



APPENDIX.

The Payment of M.P's.

"I plead as a Socialist and a Democrat, that an earnest effort should be made to carry these two proposals—the payment of Parliamentary Election Expenses and the Payment of Members of the House of Commons—into effect, not because I think they are of much value as ends in themselves, but because I am profoundly convinced that they are essential conditions of the realisation of a Socialist Party in Parliament. . . . Now we, as Collectivists, should be the first to recognise that voluntary subscriptions from a poor man's party (and which after all is but in a small minority, judging by the counting of noses) will never enable us adequately to fight the candidates of capitalism."

"Every one of us must be conscious of the importance of Socialists fighting a large number of seats at the next General Election. . . . Is it not obvious that this cannot be done unless we have payment of Election Expenses and payment of Members?"

"I am glad to know that on this question I have the support of no less an authority on Socialist finance than the treasurer of the S.D.F."

“With these two weapons in our hands, there is no reason why 200 seats should not be fought on behalf of Social Democracy at the next General Election. With these two reforms consummated the entire British proletarian movement would undoubtedly assume a Socialist aspect, and the economic impregnability of the Socialist position would go far to complete the work.”—*Extract from a paper on “Social-Democracy and Parliamentary Power,” read before the Central Branch of the Social Democratic Federation, by F. Victor Fisher. Published in “The Social-Democrat,” 1906.*



THE BUDGET LAY.

"Mr. Lloyd George wants twenty per cent. of unearned increment; I want the other eighty. That is the only difference between Mr. Lloyd George and myself."—Extract from a Socialist M.P.'s speech reported in "The Times."

Once upon a midnight dreary, sat the members faint and weary,
Wrangling o'er a Budget furious, aimed at everything luxurious;
Some were nodding, nearly napping, others, one another snapping,
Whilst the Chanc'llor, raucous, cackling, stood upon the Chamber floor:

"Tax the landlords! Tax land values!" boldly he again doth roar.
Quoth the Socialists: "Tax 'em more!"

Presently his voice grows stronger, hesitating then no longer.
"Behold!" he cries, "the sinful smoker! Is he not a wasteful soaker?"

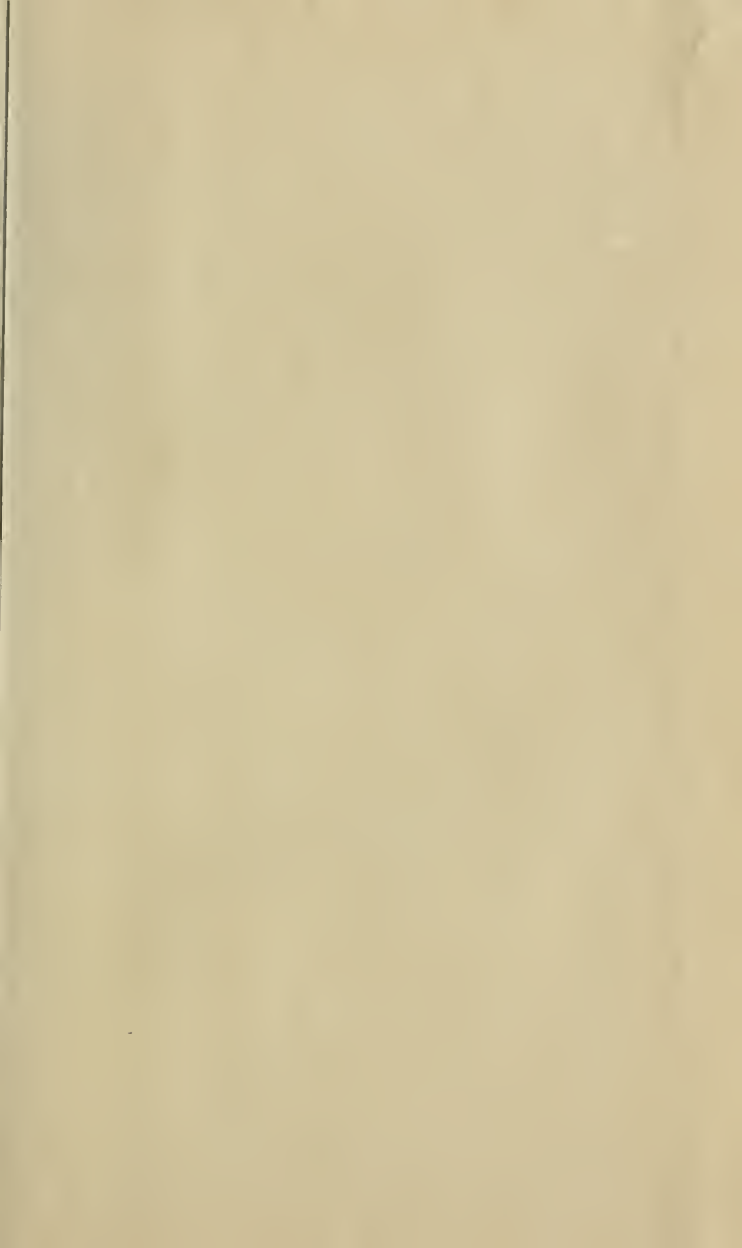
"Spending money on tobacco, filling house from roof to floor,
"Laughing, puffing, silly joker, firing up like Hades' stoker;
"Tax him millions upon millions! and he'll not refuse the score."
Quoth the Socialists: "Tax 'im more."

"In my soul I feel a yearning, with ambition I am burning—
"By the shades of Owen Glyndwr, Robin Hood and many more,
"I'll avenge the Cymric race, whom the Saxon did displace,
"And their Irish spirits scotch as they've ne'er been scotched before,
"I'll tax their whisky as it never, never has been taxed of yore."
Quoth the Socialists: "See Form Four."

"I'll tax when you perchance to die, for in your wills I mean to spy,
"I'll tax the petrol in the car, I'll tax you in the "four ale" bar;
"Behold, the Tories all succumb! By closure I have struck them dumb.
"To House o' Lords I say: take care, of us teetotallers beware!
"Defy us and you'll be no more, but cast forth on the Stygian shore."
Quoth the Socialists: "Tax 'em o'er."

"Do you think that I'll forego, my place and power for Socialists?
No!
"God bless Form Four!" cries Chancellor, "I'll paste it on th' henroost door;"
"I'll tax the landlords and th' ladies—everyone, whate'er their trade is,
"And welcome aliens to our shore, while British goods are tax'd galore."
The Labour men would not be routed, and with one acclaim they shouted:
"He's a Socialist—evermore."





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